

**BIG SHOT**

No. 27

SEPTEMBER 10c

# BIG SHOT COMICS



Also in this issue: JOE PALOOKA, THE FACE, SPARKY WATTS, ROCKY RYAN, DIXIE DUGAN, THE CLOAK, CAPTAIN DEVIL DOG and many other favorites!

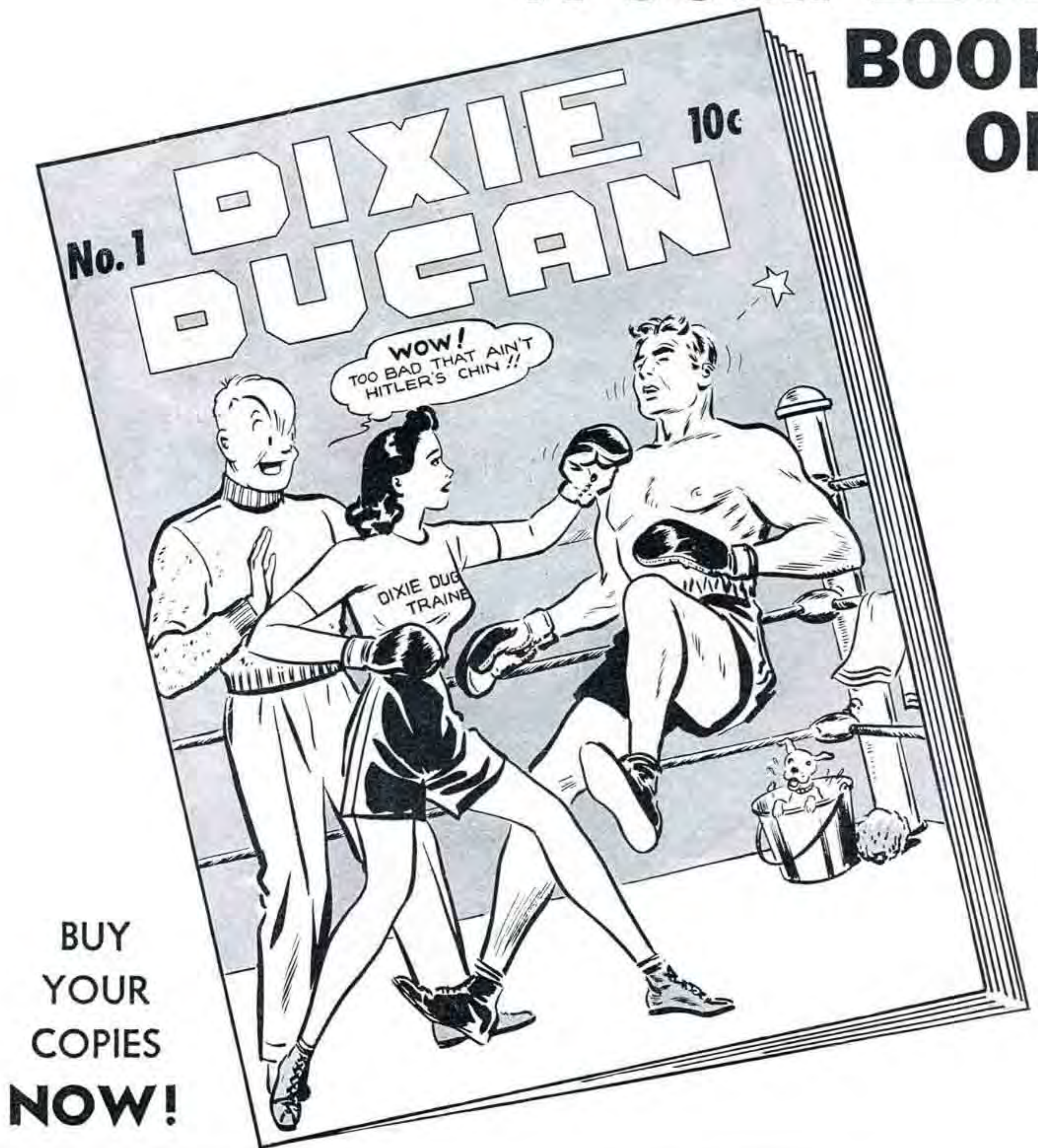




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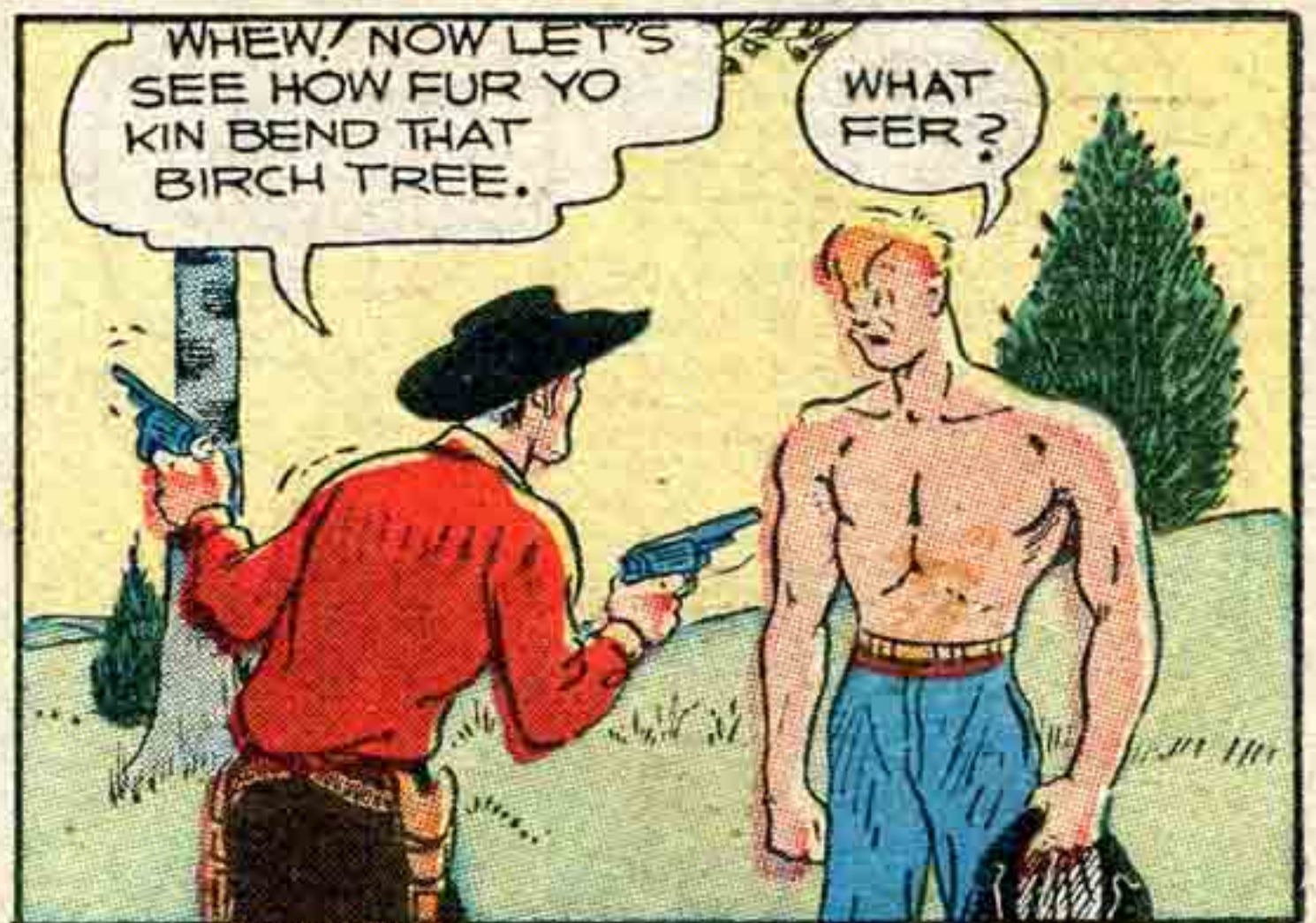
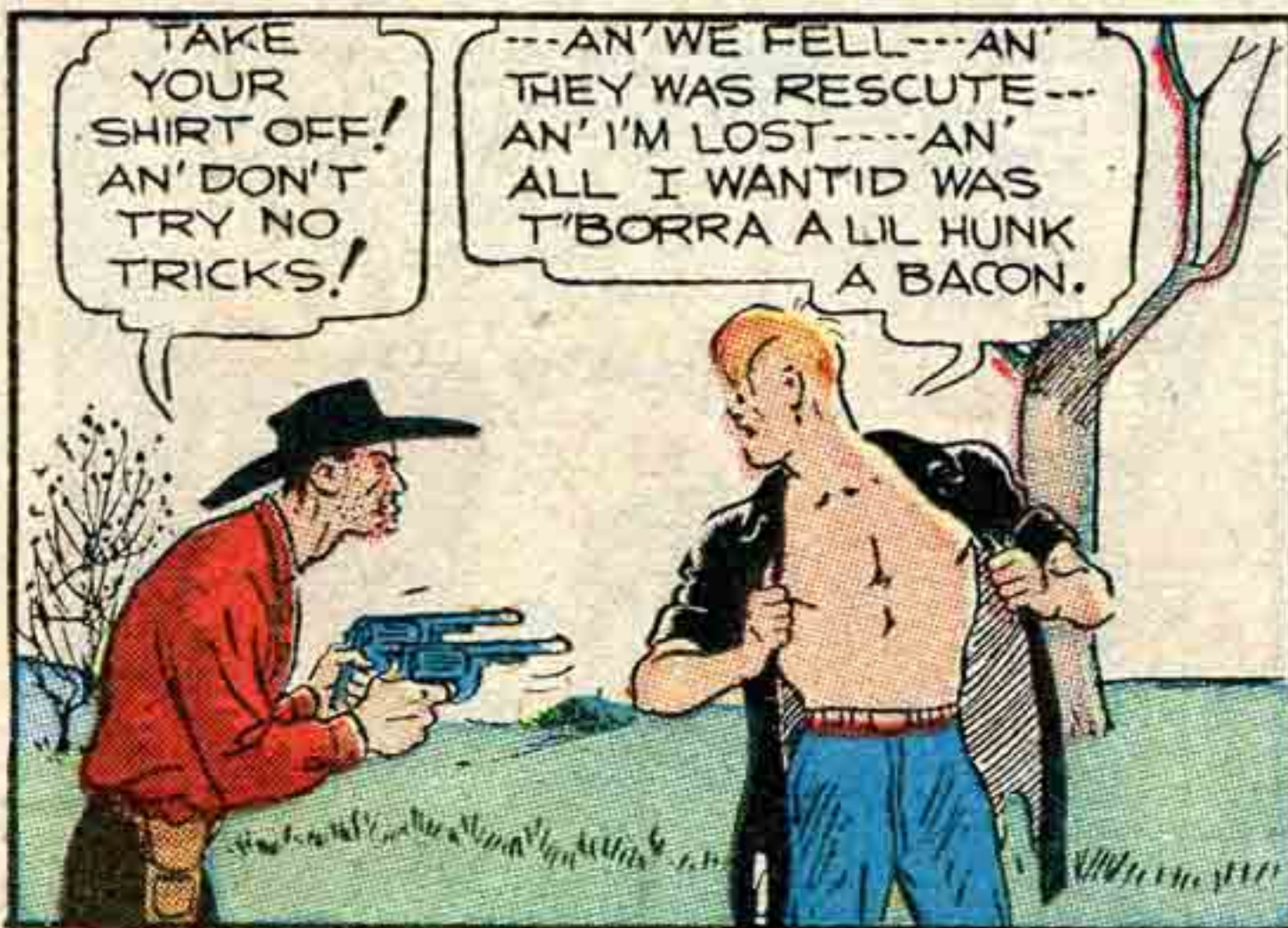
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# JOE PALOOKA

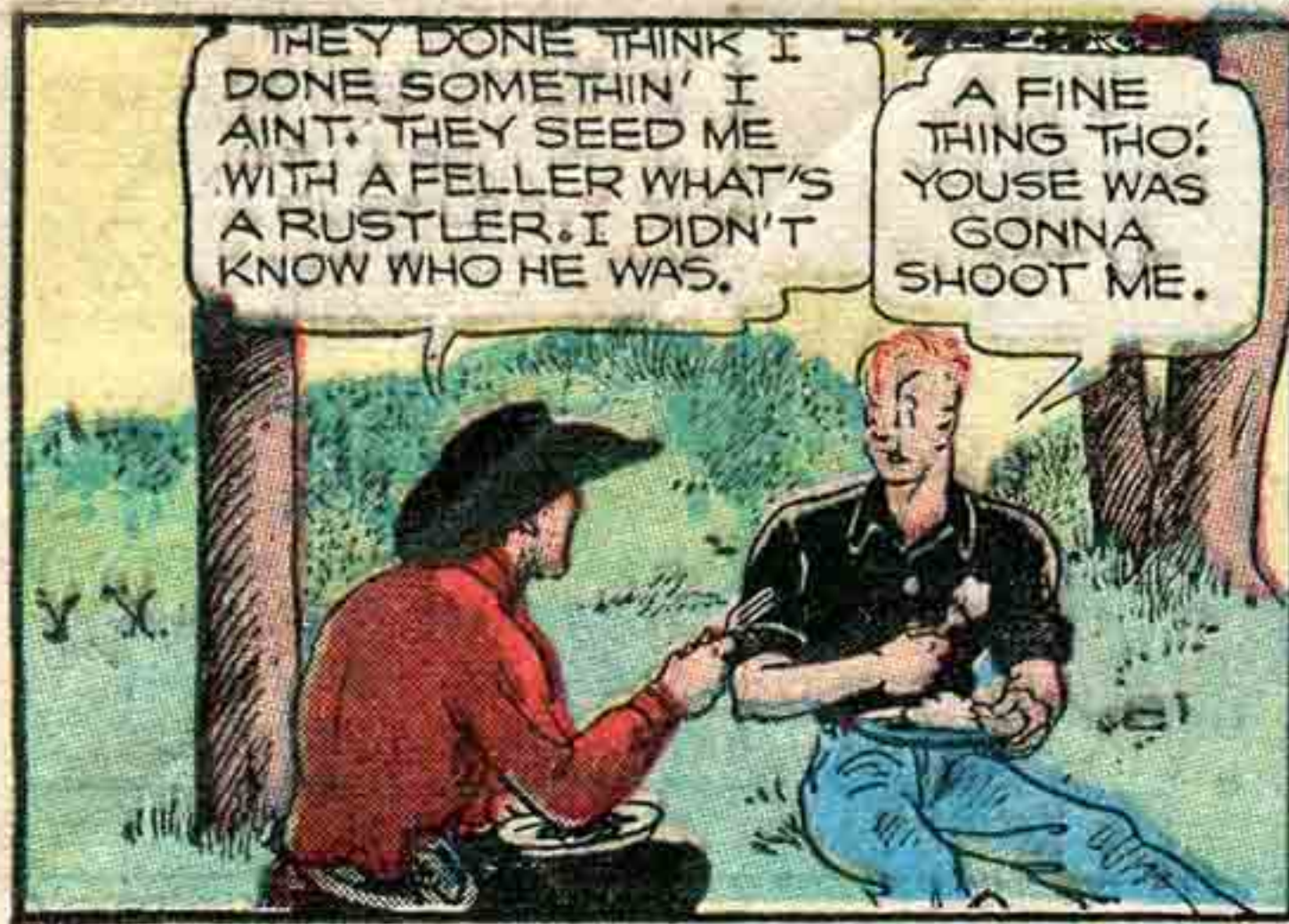
HAM FISHER

ENROUTE TO HOLLYWOOD TO MAKE A MOVIE, JOE'S PLANE CRASHES. TRYING TO RESCUE THE PASSENGERS, JOE GETS LOST. IN THE MEANTIME THE PLANE PARTY, WITH KNOBBY, ARE SAVED.... HUNGRY, JOE ALMOST SNARES A DELICIOUS DINNER BUT IS CAUGHT BY A DESPERADO...



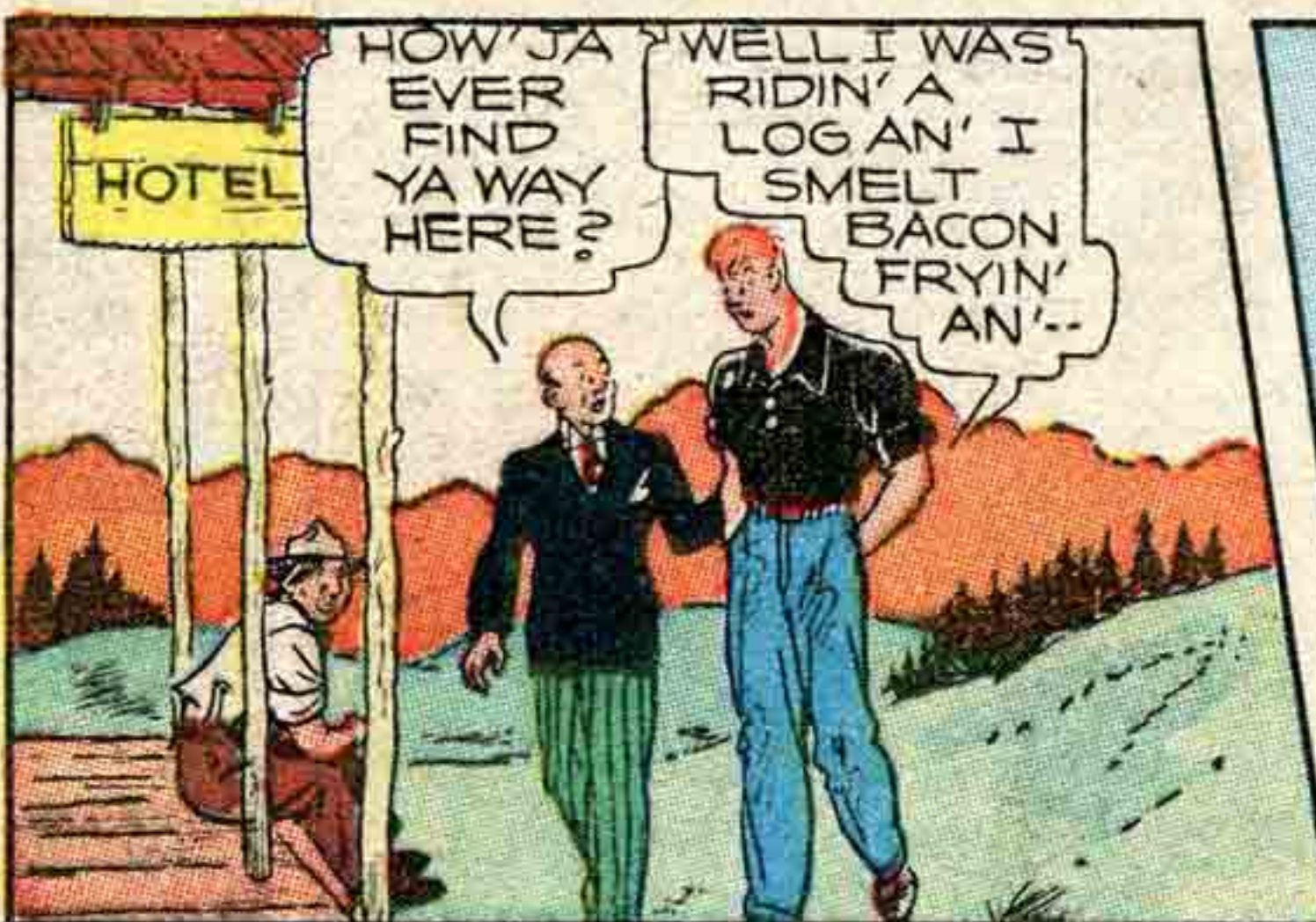
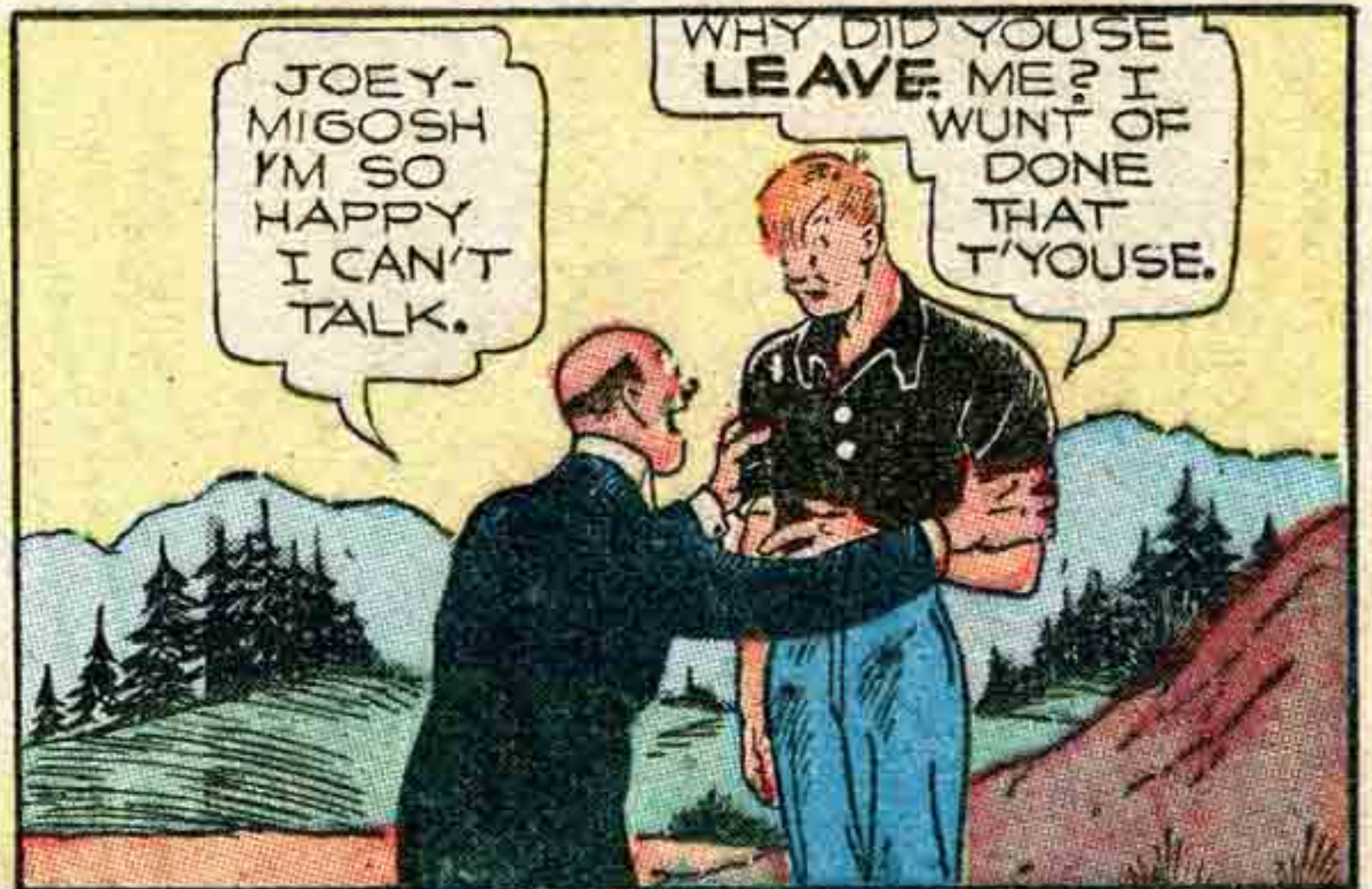
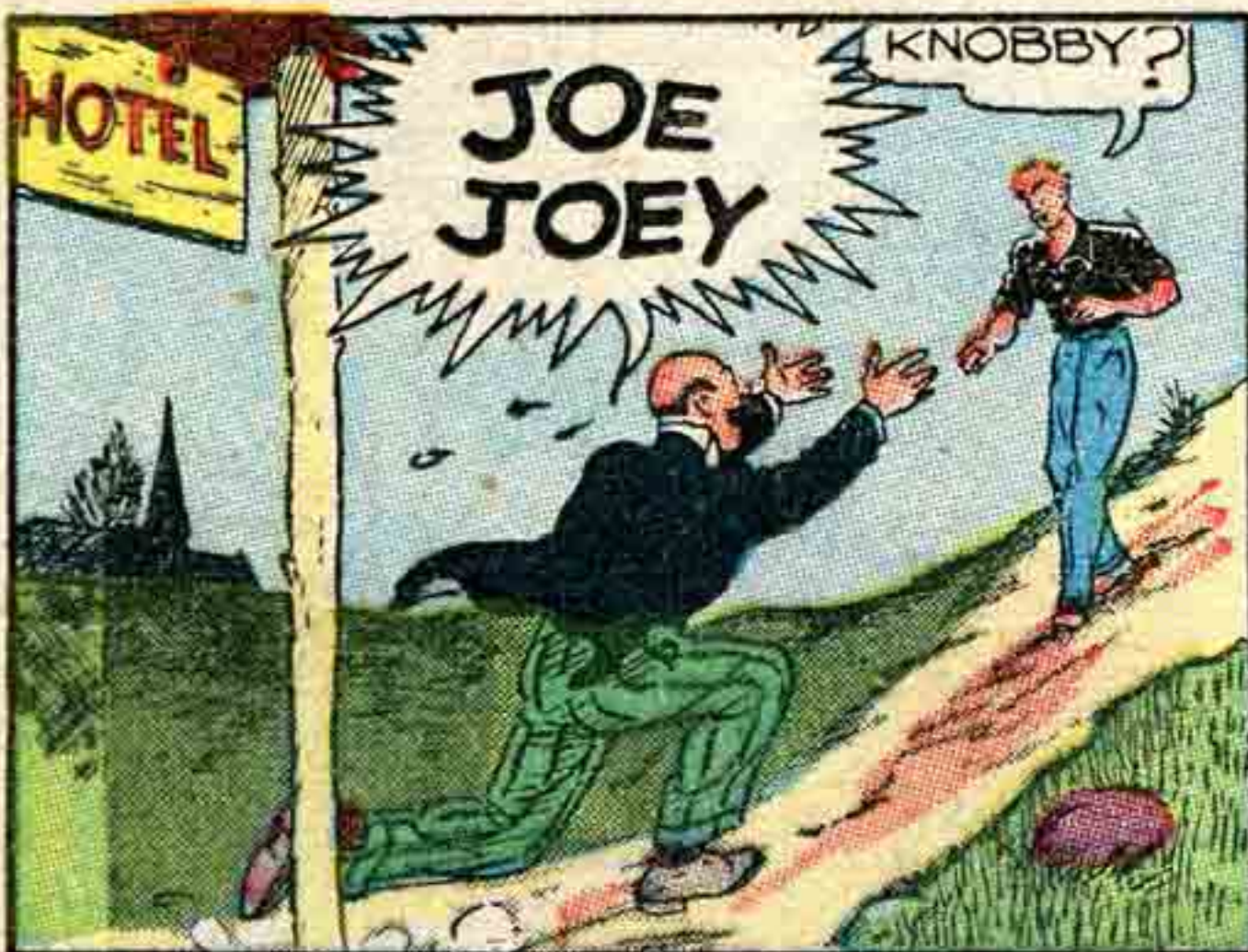
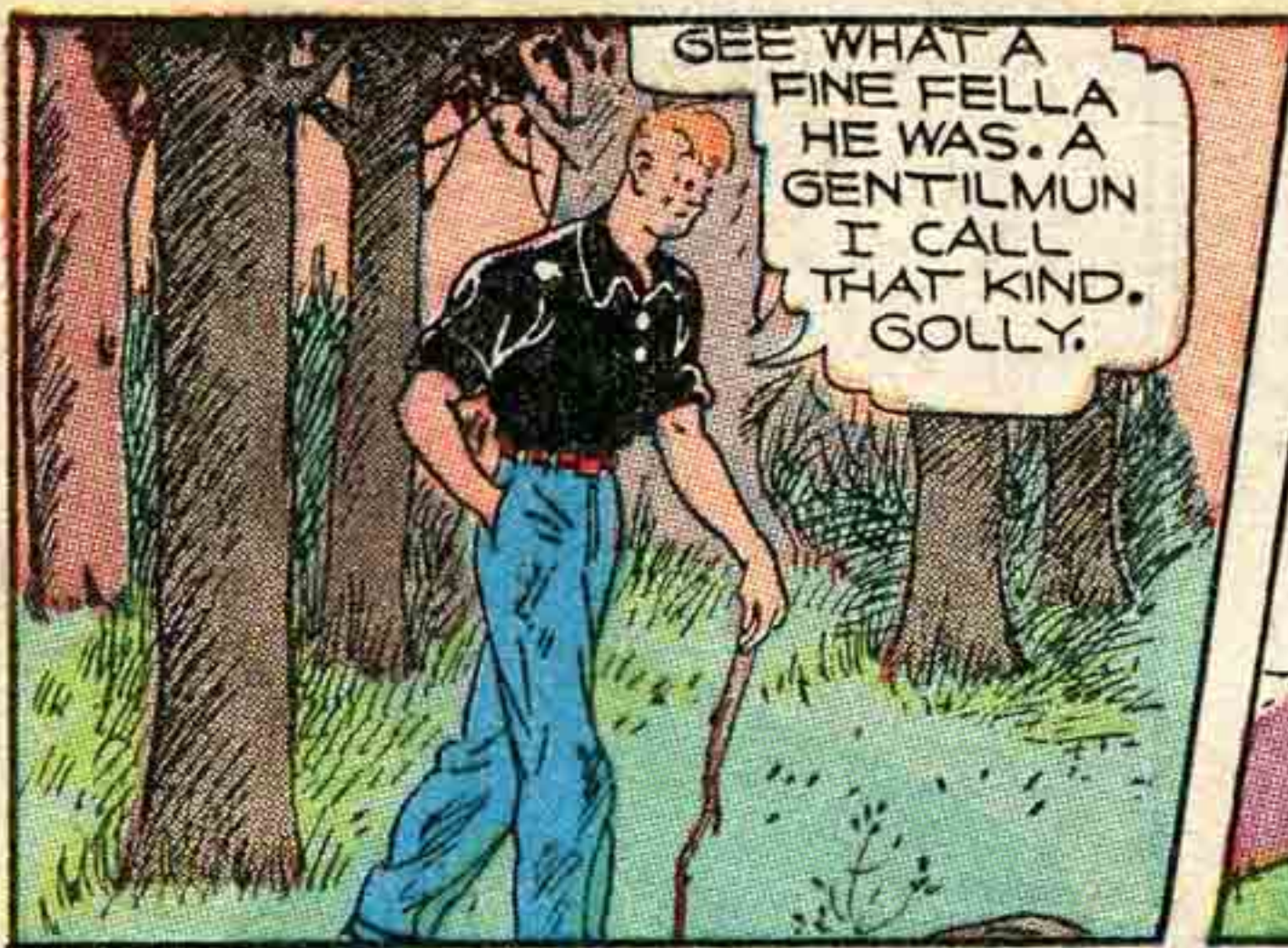


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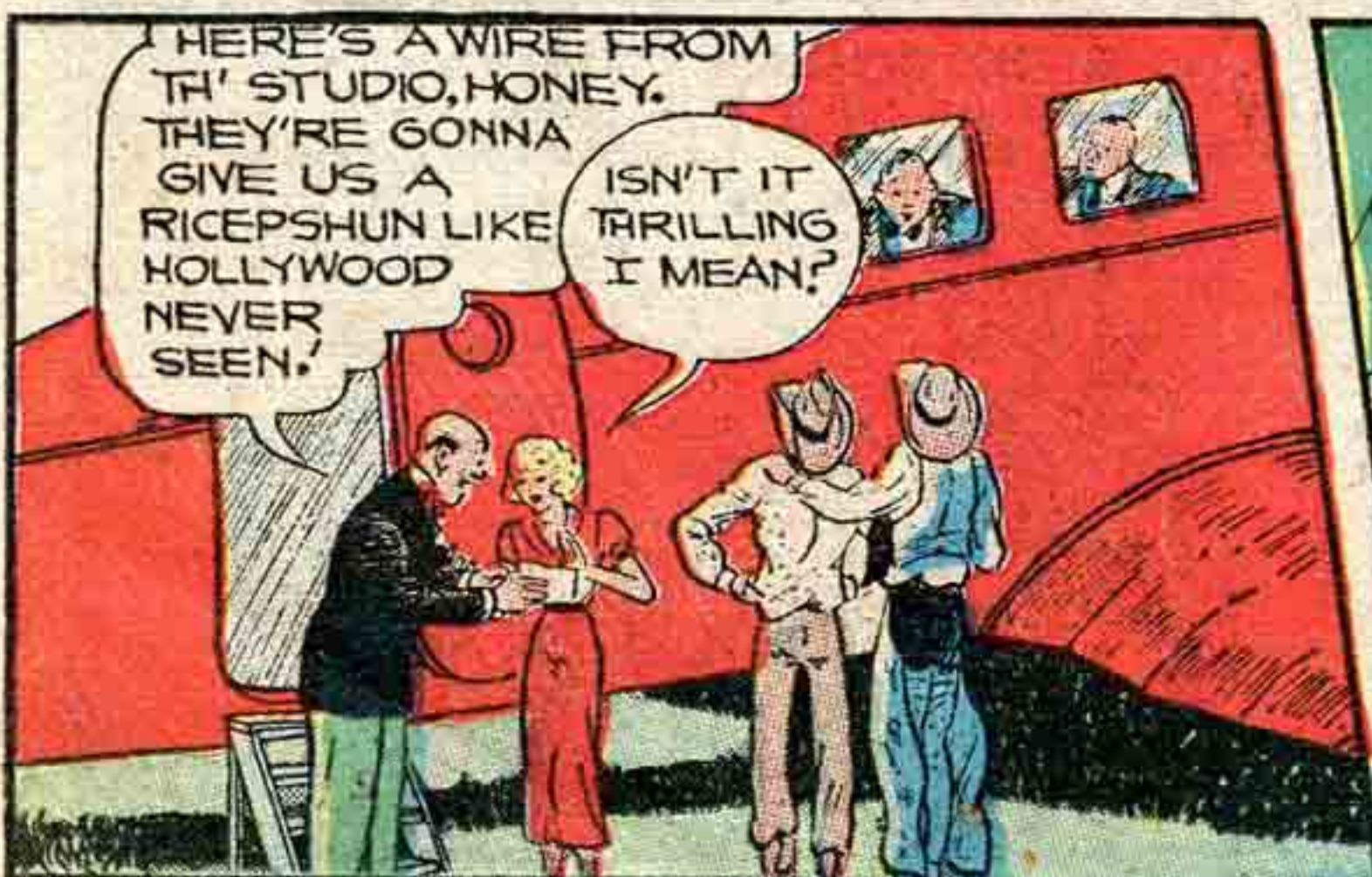
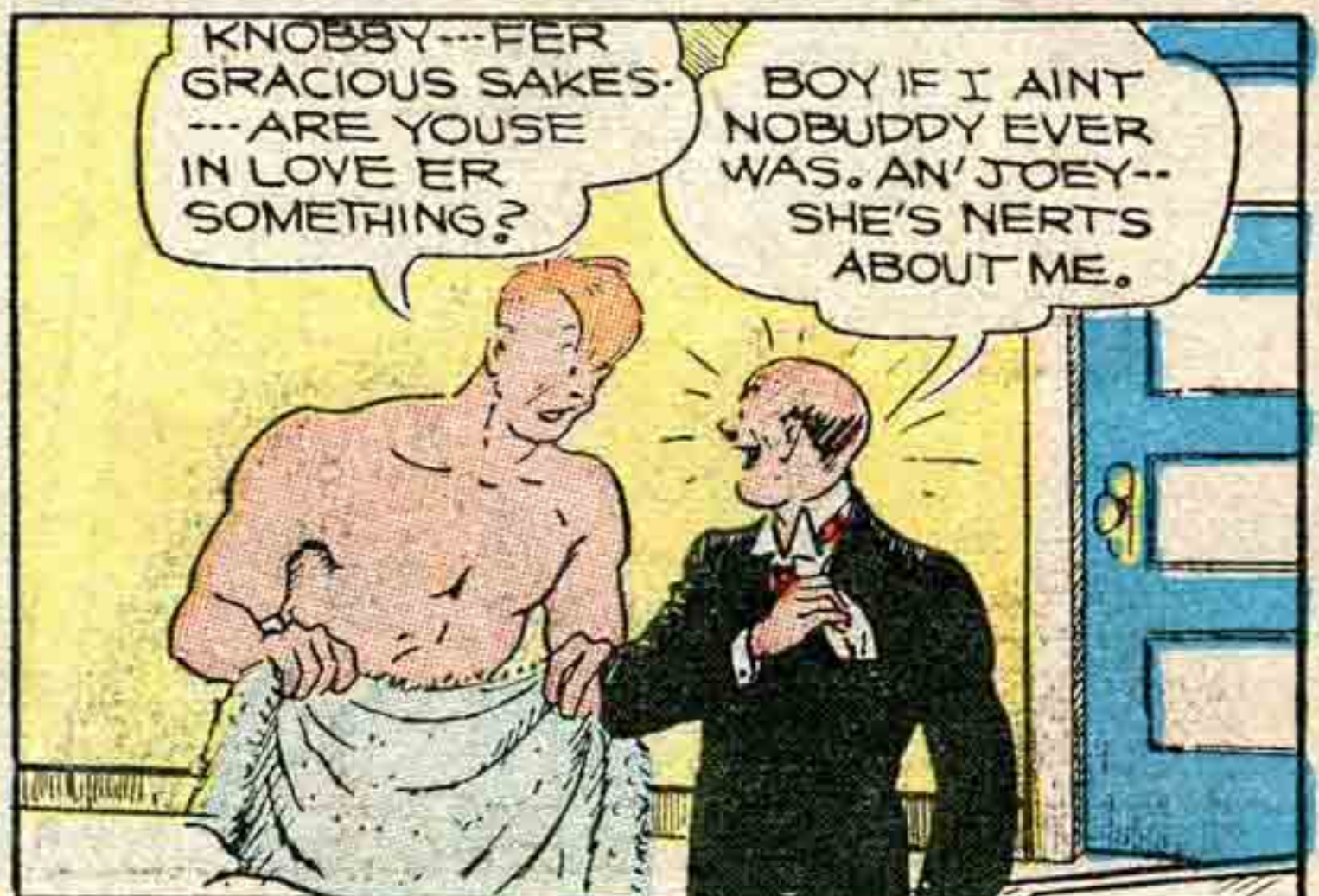
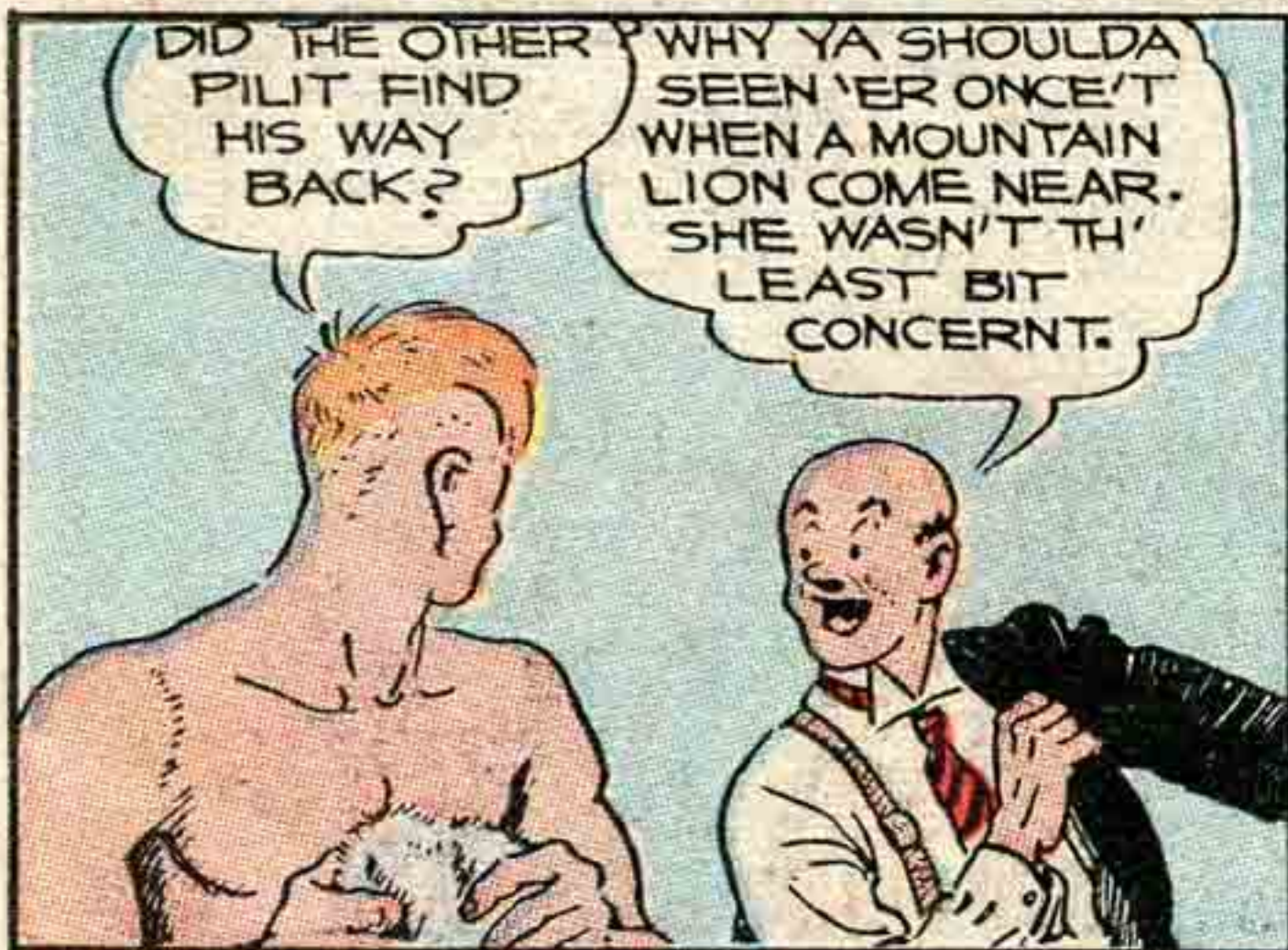
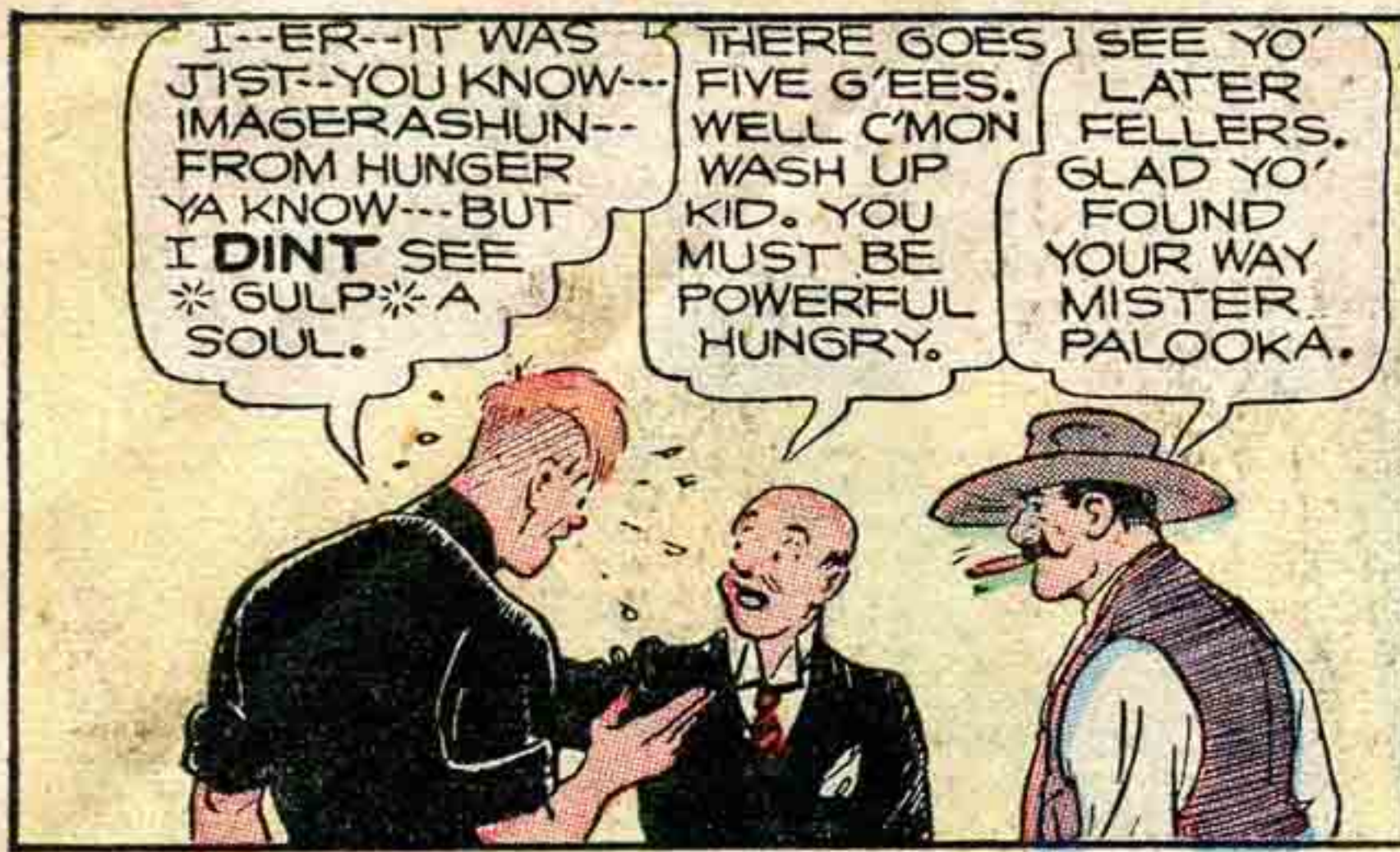


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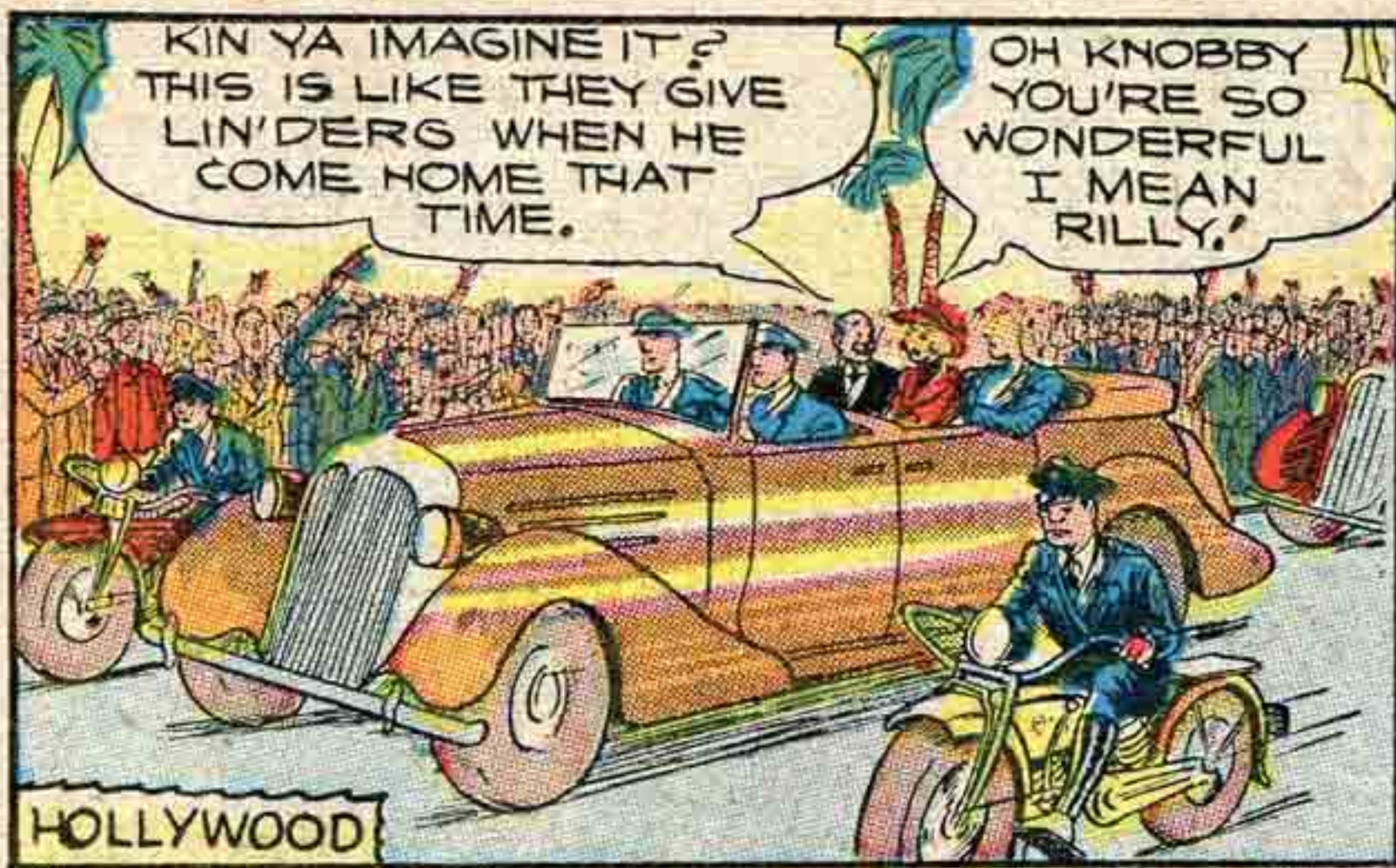


# BIG SHOT COMICS





## BIG SHOT COMICS





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More Fun Than a Barrel of Monkeys

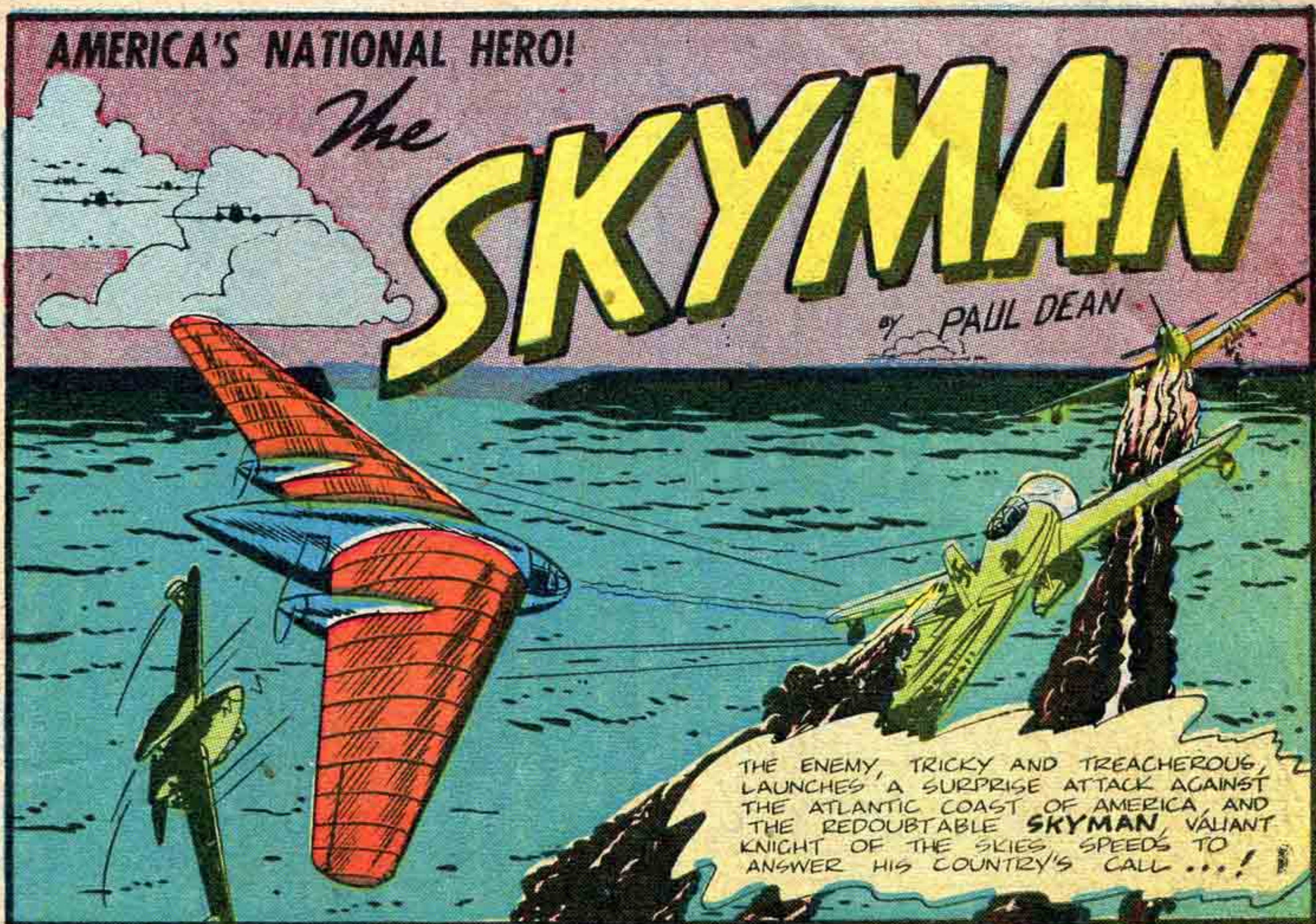


AMERICA'S NATIONAL HERO!

The

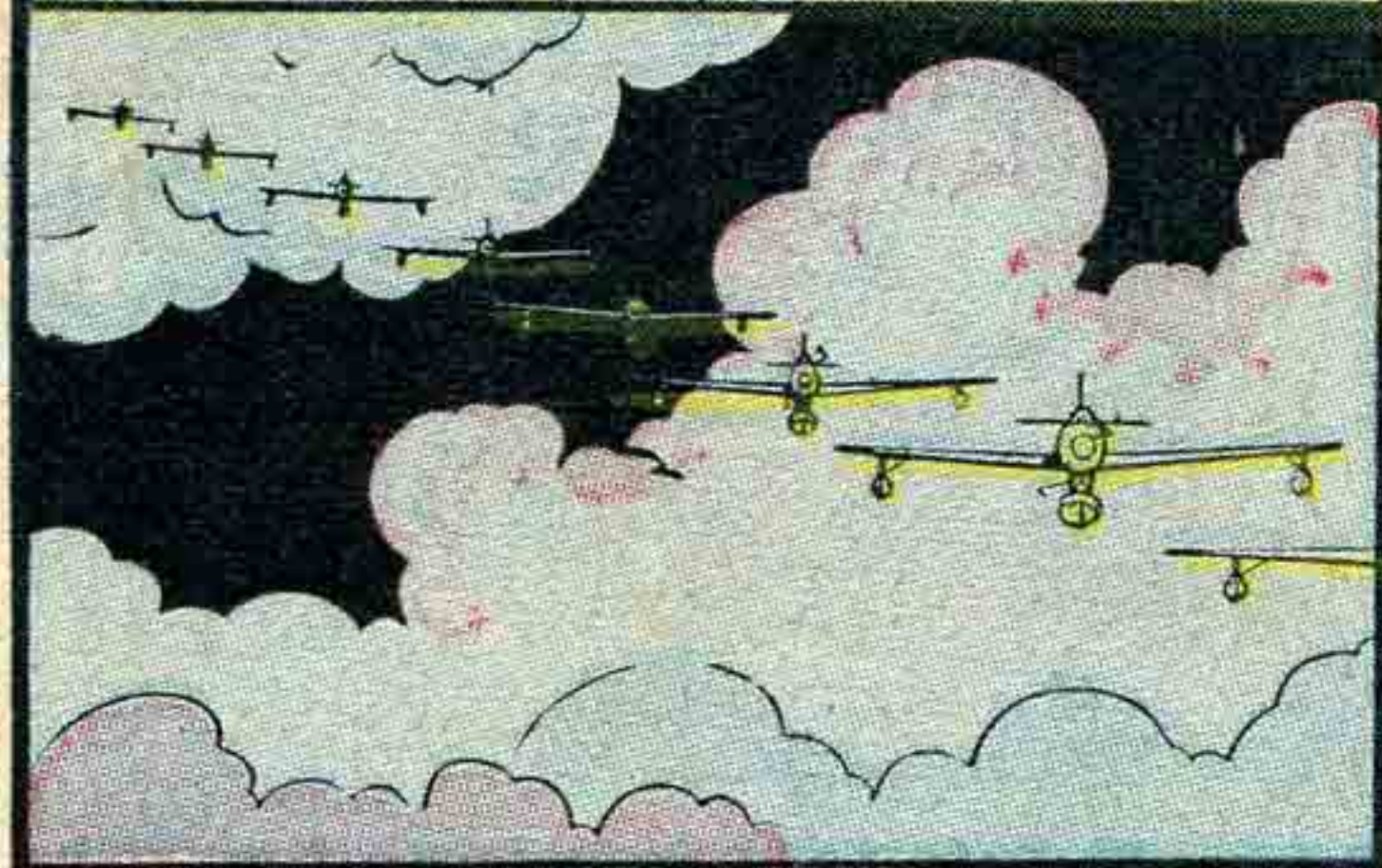
# SKYMAN

by PAUL DEAN

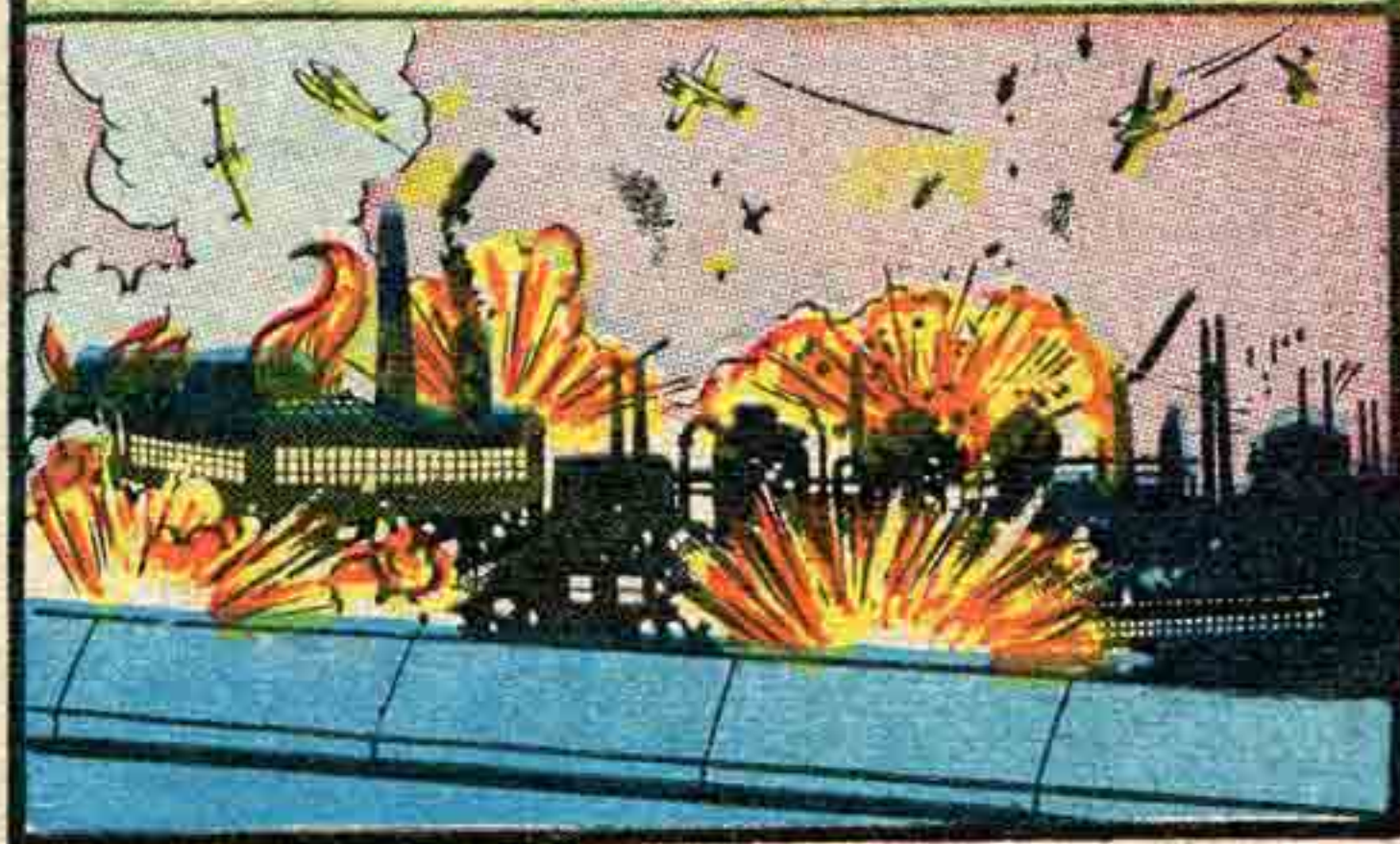


THE ENEMY, TRICKY AND TREACHEROUS, LAUNCHES A SURPRISE ATTACK AGAINST THE ATLANTIC COAST OF AMERICA AND THE REDOUBTABLE **SKYMAN**, VALIANT KNIGHT OF THE SKIES, SPEEDS TO ANSWER HIS COUNTRY'S CALL ...!

AT DUSK THEY COME, FIFTY OF THEM ...



.. AND STRIKE THE GREAT INDUSTRIAL CITY, TERRIBLY ...



AMERICAN INTERCEPTOR PLANES GET SOME ...

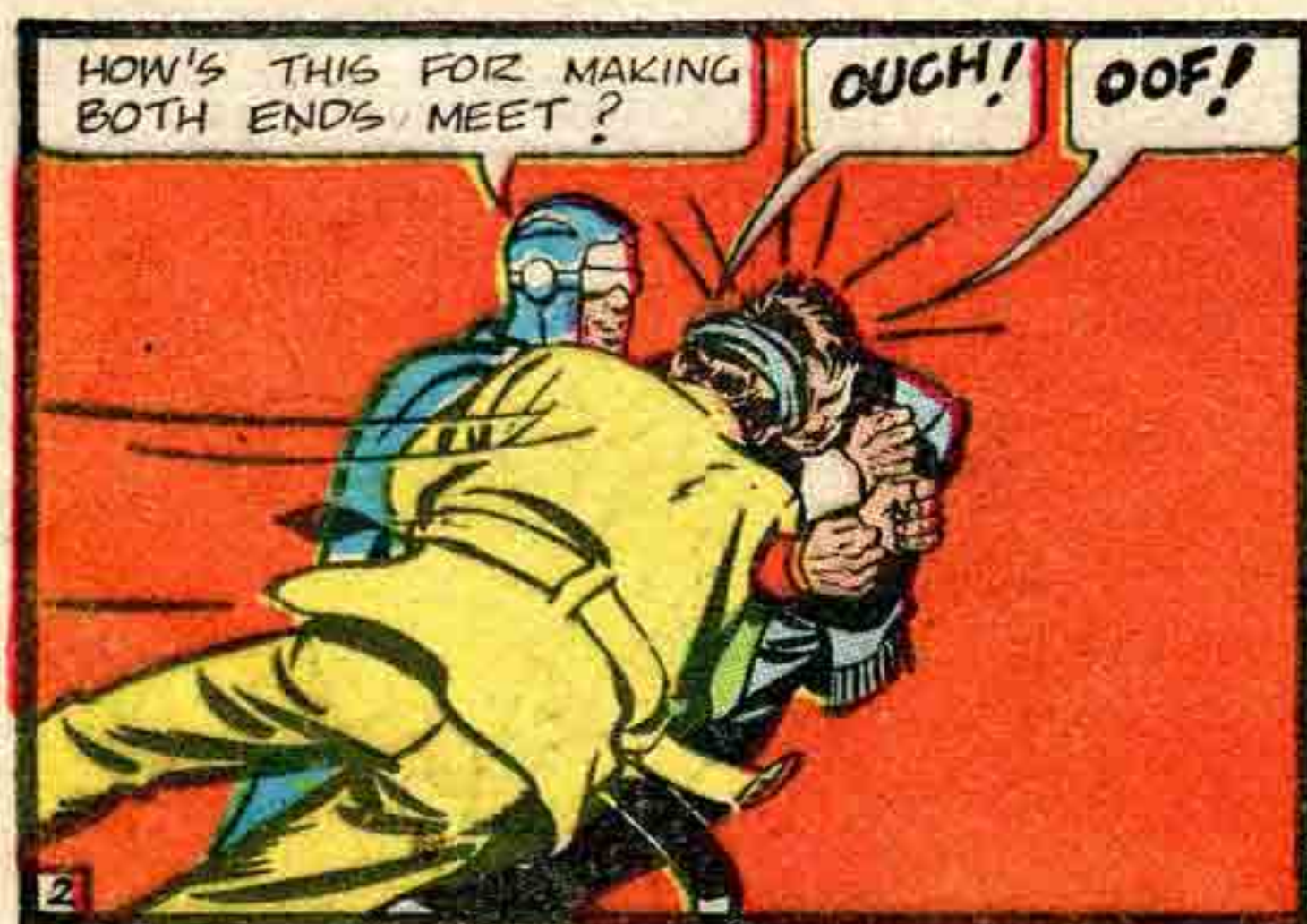
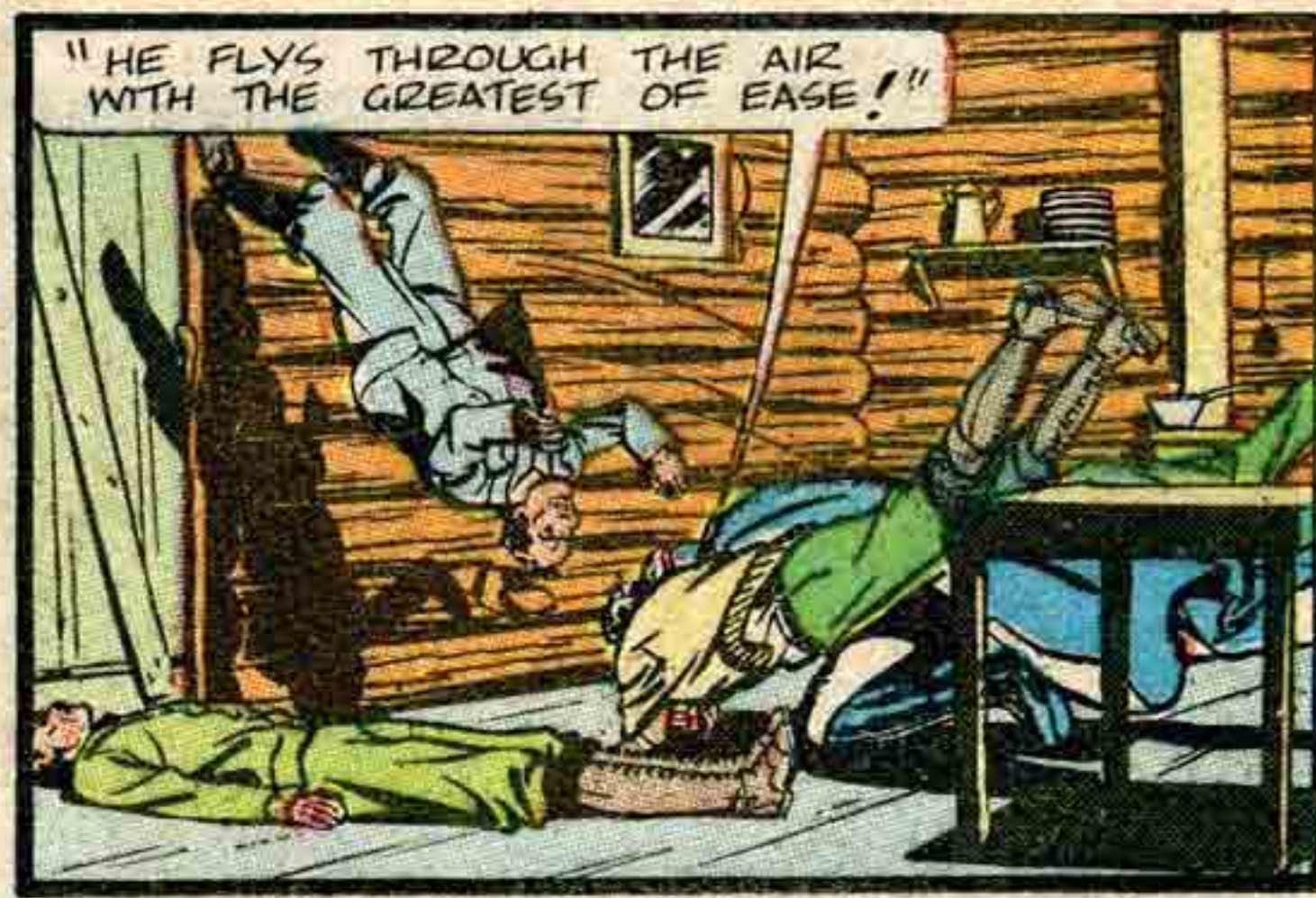
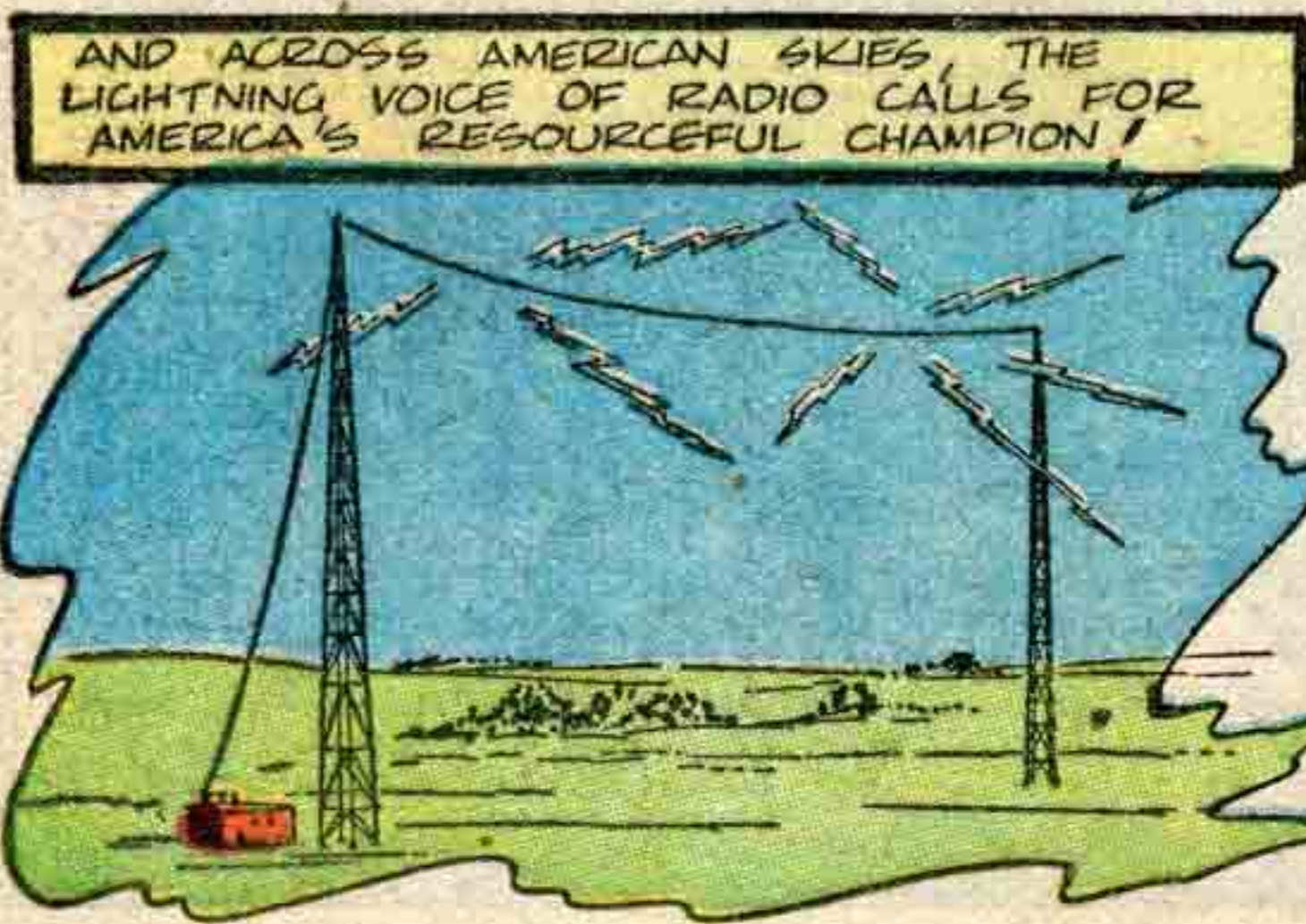


BUT MOST OF THEM ESCAPE INTO THE GLOOM OF THE ATLANTIC NIGHT ...





# BIG SHOT COMICS





# BIG SHOT COMICS

AN HOUR LATER, OVER A MONTANA ARMY AIRBASE..

I'LL RADIO THE ARMY ABOUT YOU SNEAKS! GOOD RIDDANCE!



OKAY! WE'LL GRAB 'EM! AND LISTEN, SKYMAN! THE PRESIDENT WANTS TO SEE YOU -- PRONTO!



AND THROUGH THE NIGHT SPEEDS THE "WING," UNTIL THE SUNRISE SHOWS THE JOURNEY'S END...

WASHINGTON! BOY, I'M GLAD! I NEED SOME SLEEP!



SLEEP? NOT FOR YOU, SKYMAN! THE PRESIDENT WANTS A JOB DONE!

BUT I'M TIRED!



NO ONE'S LOOKING -- SO I'LL JUST SLIP ABOARD AND WAIT. ONCE WERE IN THE AIR, I'LL GIVE SKYMAN WHAT'S COMING TO HIM!

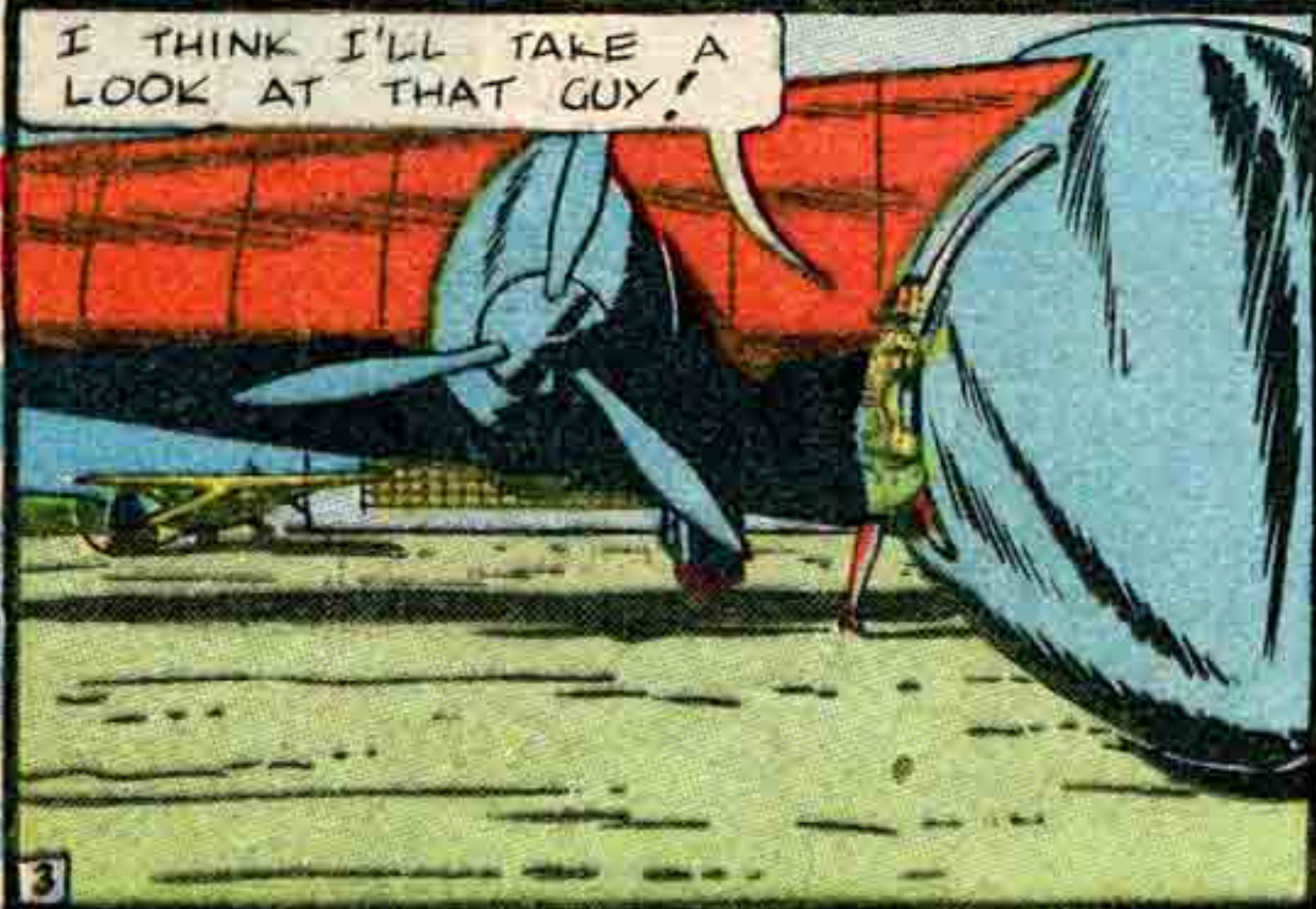


BUT FAWN CARROLL, OLD FRIEND OF THE SKYMAN, PICKS THAT MOMENT TO ARRIVE IN WASHINGTON...

I WONDER WHO THAT IS?

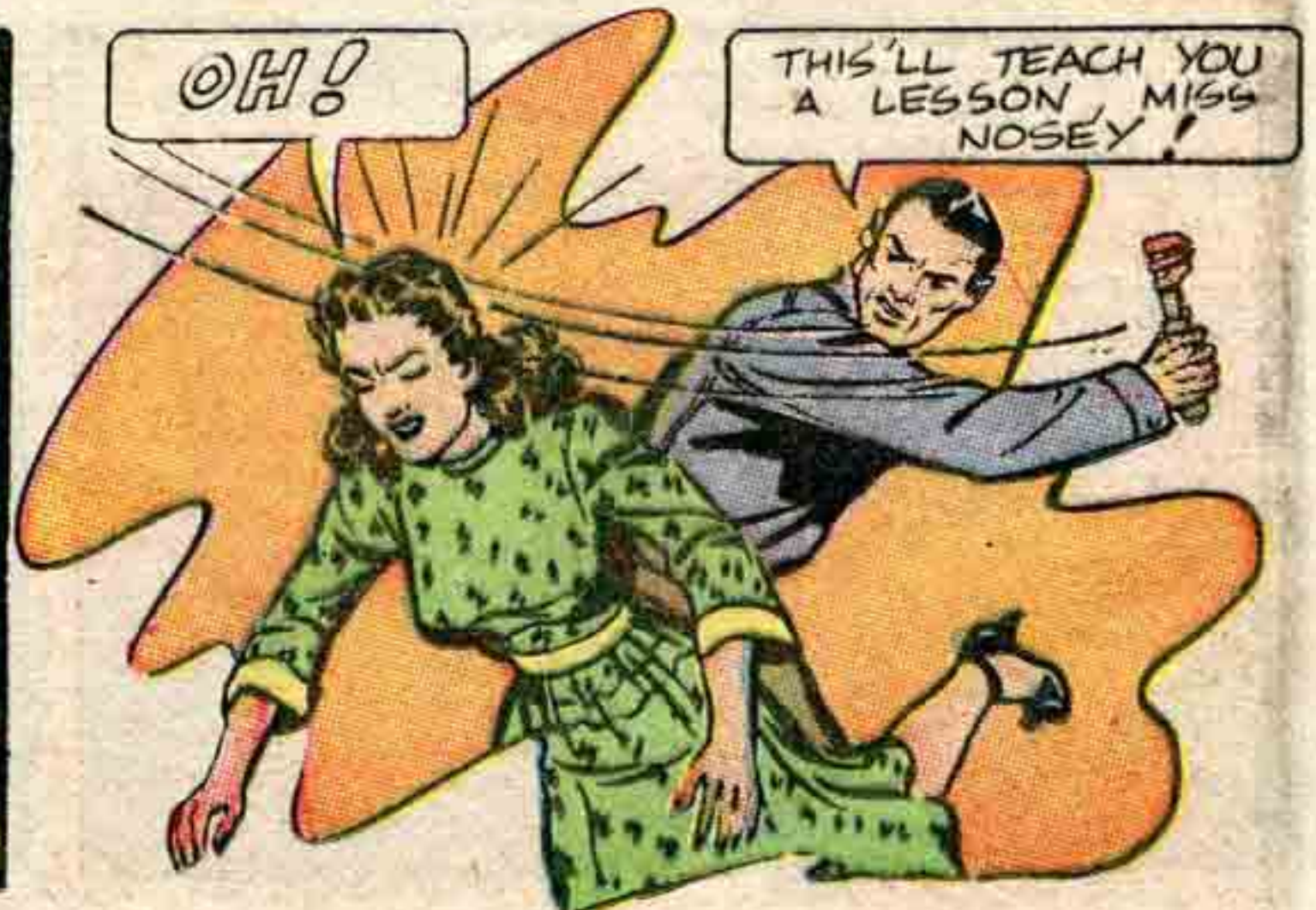


I THINK I'LL TAKE A LOOK AT THAT GUY!



OH!

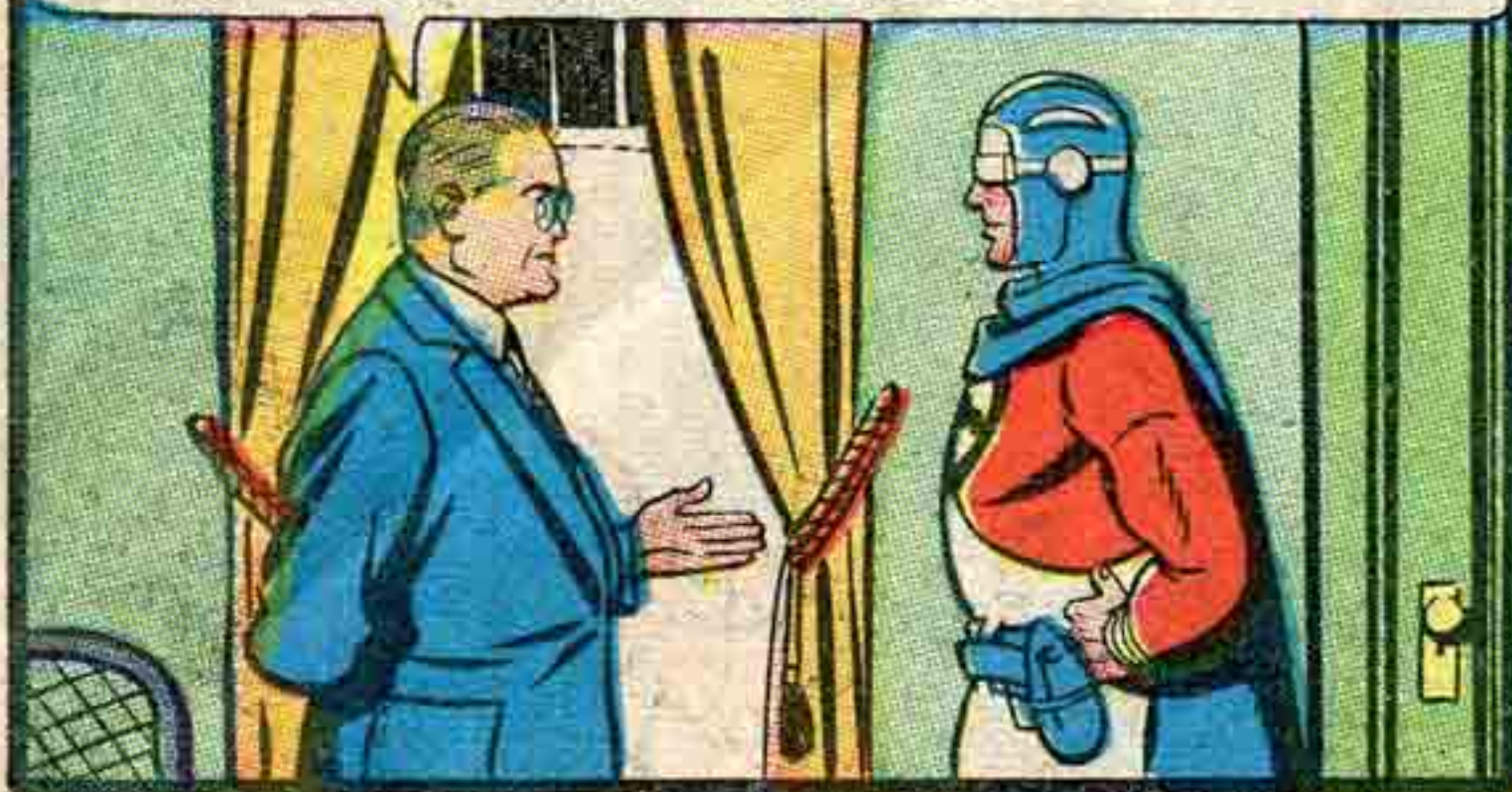
THIS'LL TEACH YOU A LESSON, MISS NOSEY!





# BIG SHOT COMICS

--WE KNOW THE RAIDERS CAME FROM THE SEA, BUT OUR PATROLS HAVE NOT LOCATED THE CARRIERS. AND THEY WERE SMALL PLANES, NOT LONG-RANGE BOMBERS.



THEY USED FLYING AIRPLANE CARRIERS ONCE, I DON'T THINK THEY'LL TRY THAT AGAIN. THEY MUST HAVE A NEW WRINKLE. SO I'LL FLY TO NEW YORK FOR A GADGET I'VE MADE --



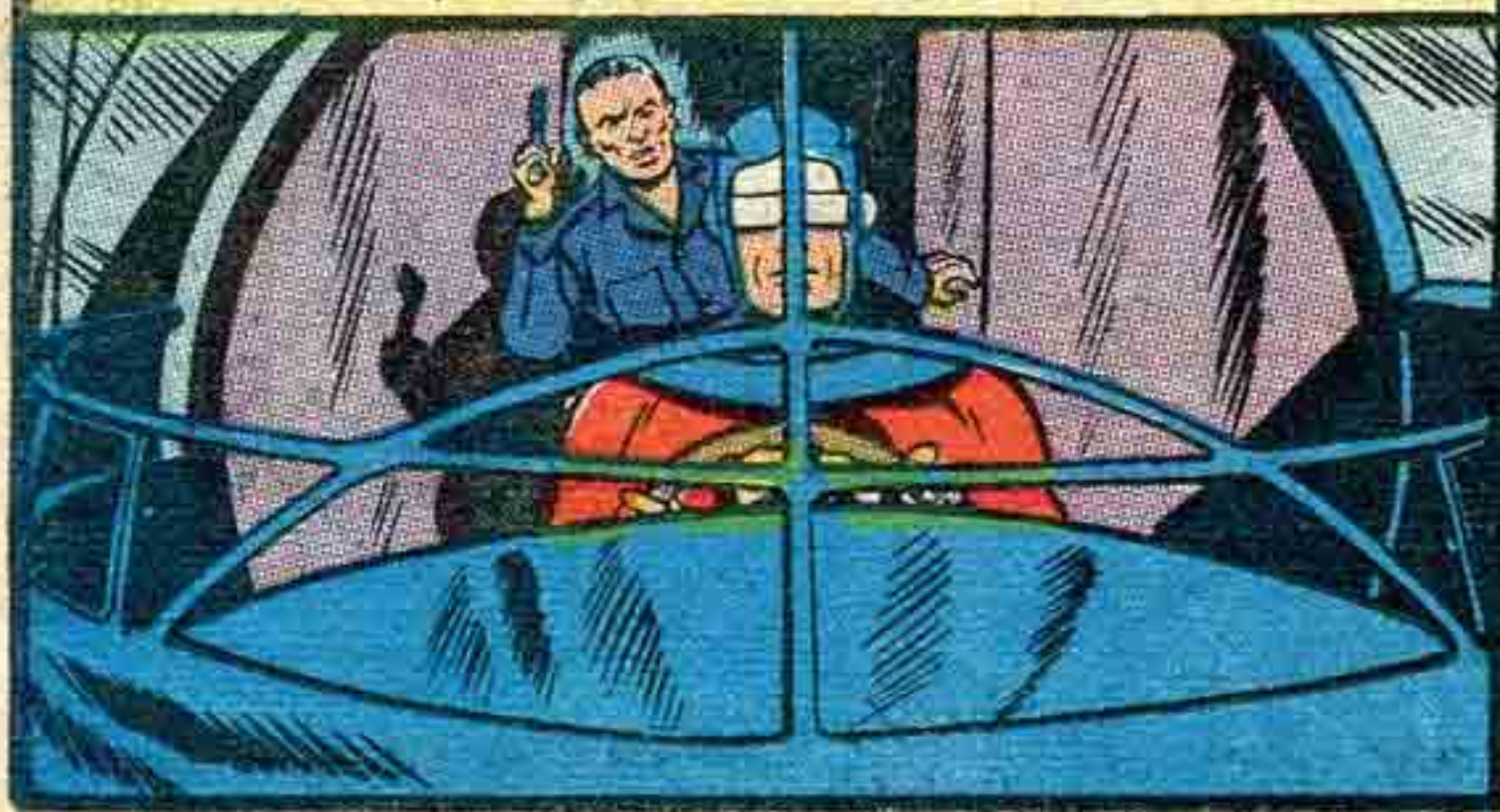
FLYING, FIGHTING, AND FLYING -- ALL NIGHT! I CAN'T REMEMBER WHEN I WAS SO TIRED!



THOSE RAIDERS MIGHT ATTACK WASHINGTON. SO I MIGHT AS WELL LOOK THE OCEAN OVER ON MY WAY NORTH. HO HUM! HOPE I CAN STAY AWAKE!



THE "WING" FLYS NORTH, WITH THE EXHAUSTED SKYMAN FIGHTING TO KEEP AWAKE, UNTIL, SOME FIFTY MILES OFF CAPE MAY...

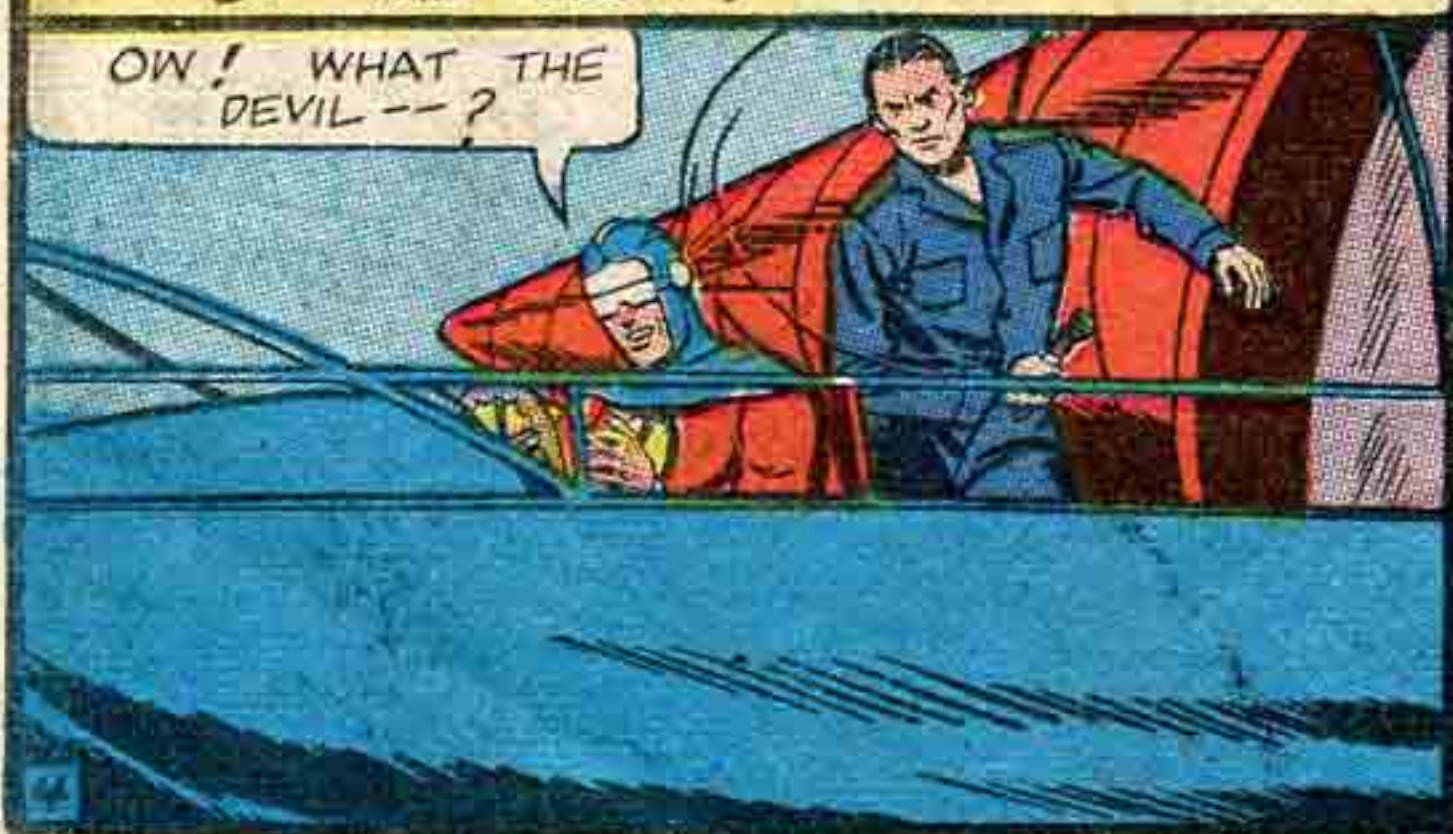


ON QUIET FEET, DEATH CREEPS UP BEHIND THE SKYMAN -- AND STRIKES HARD!

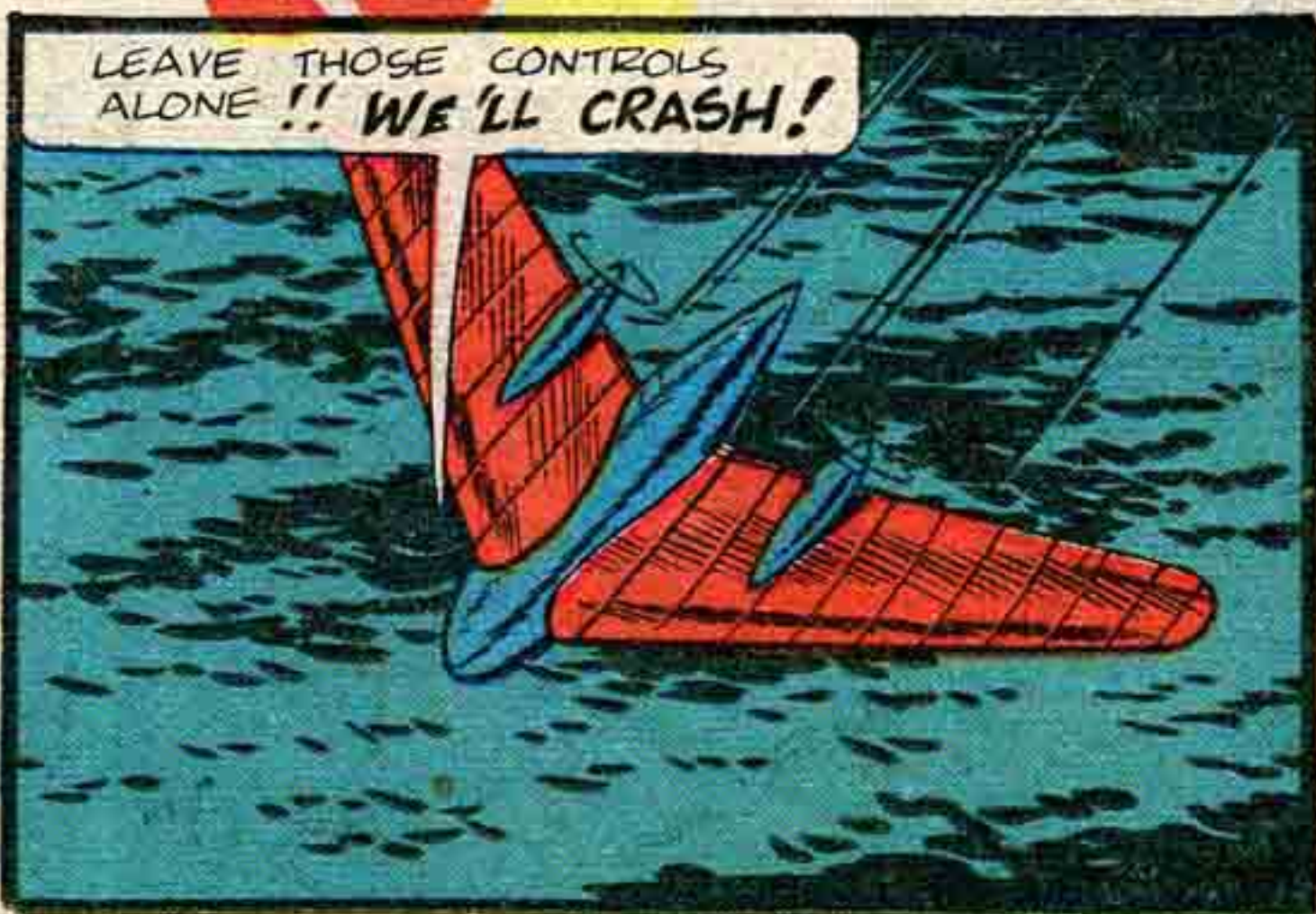


BUT SKYMAN'S HEAD NODS SLEEPILY -- AND HIS SKULL ESCAPES THE FULL FORCE OF THE BLOW!

OW! WHAT THE DEVIL --?

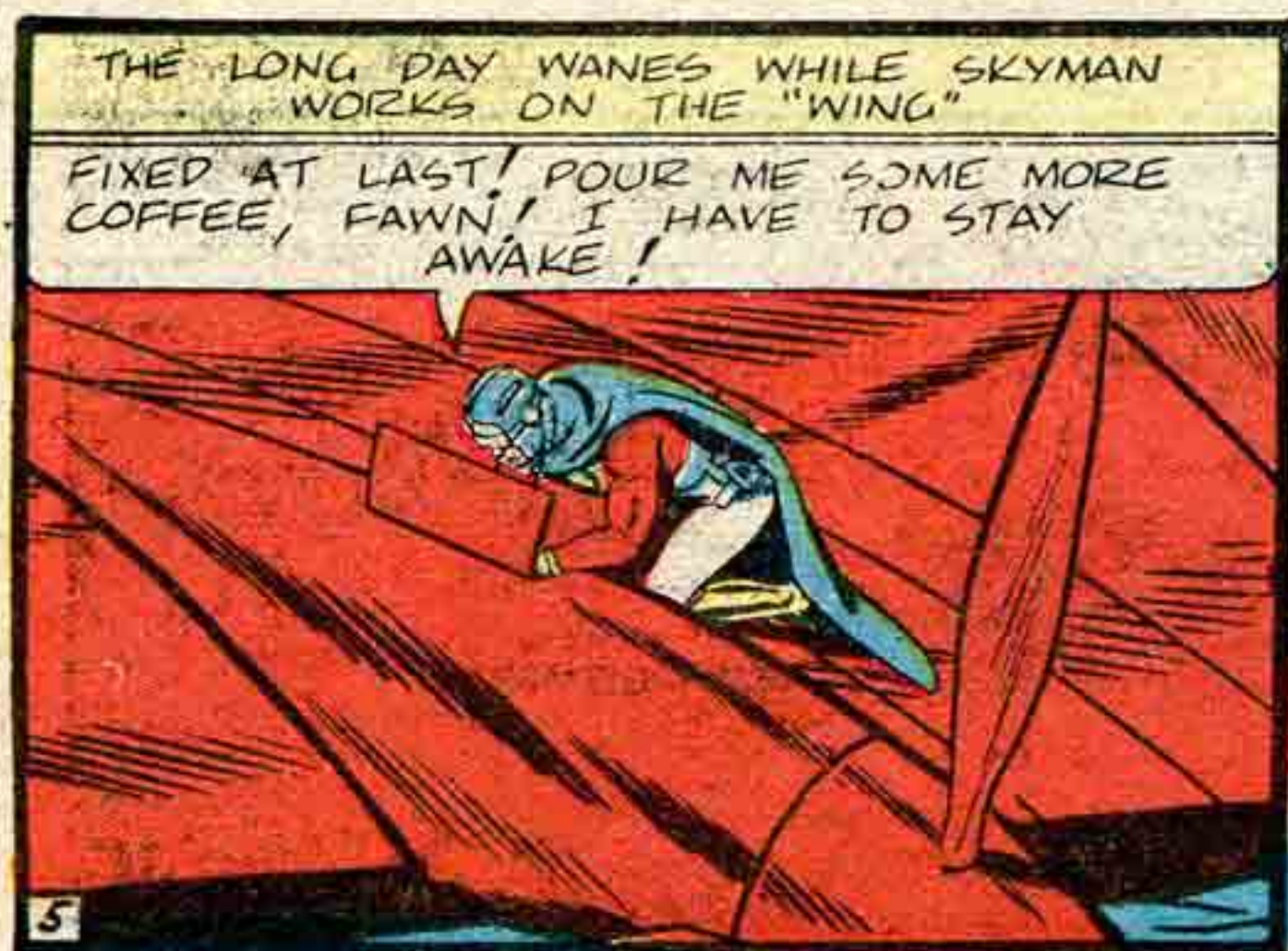
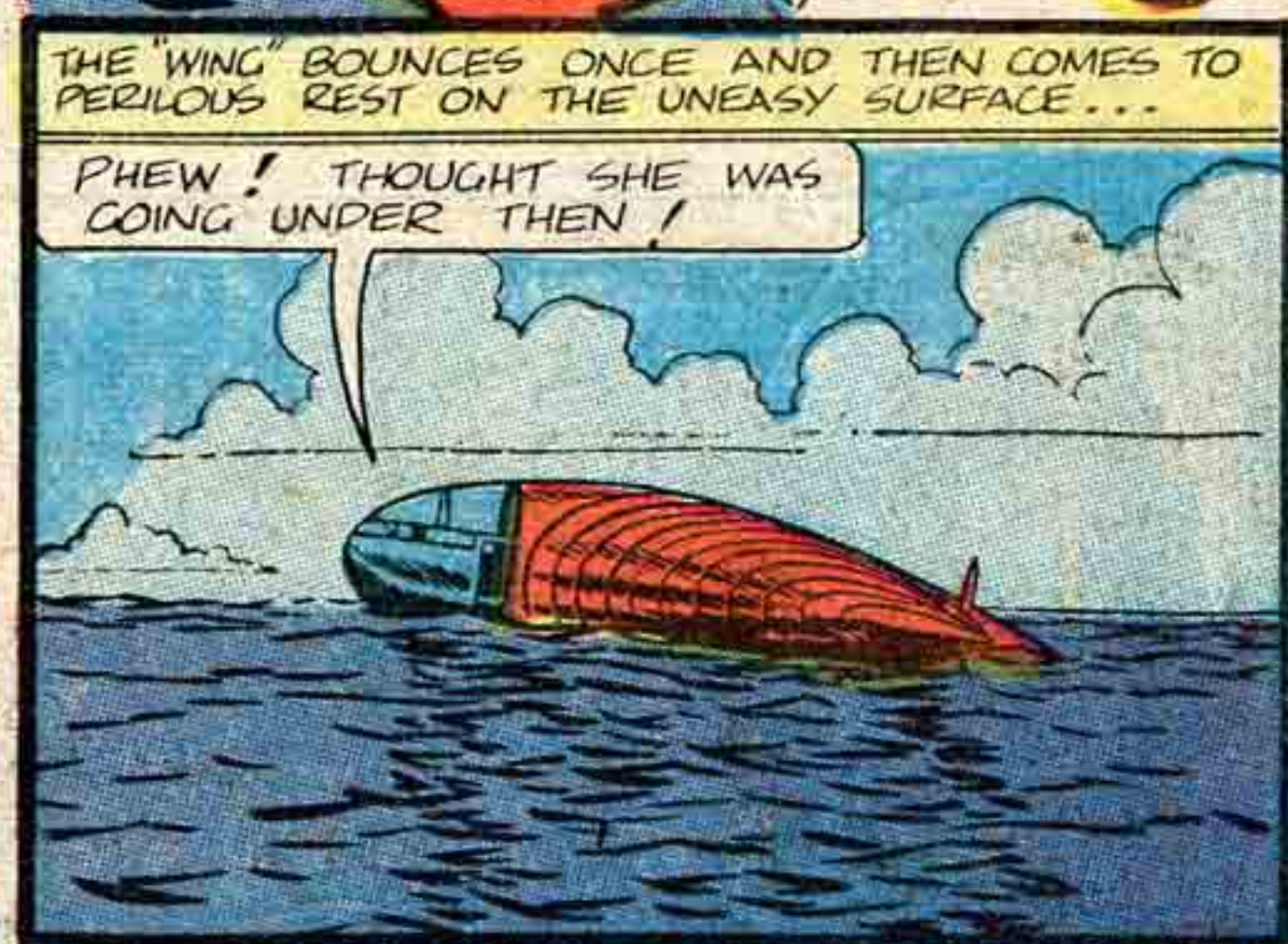
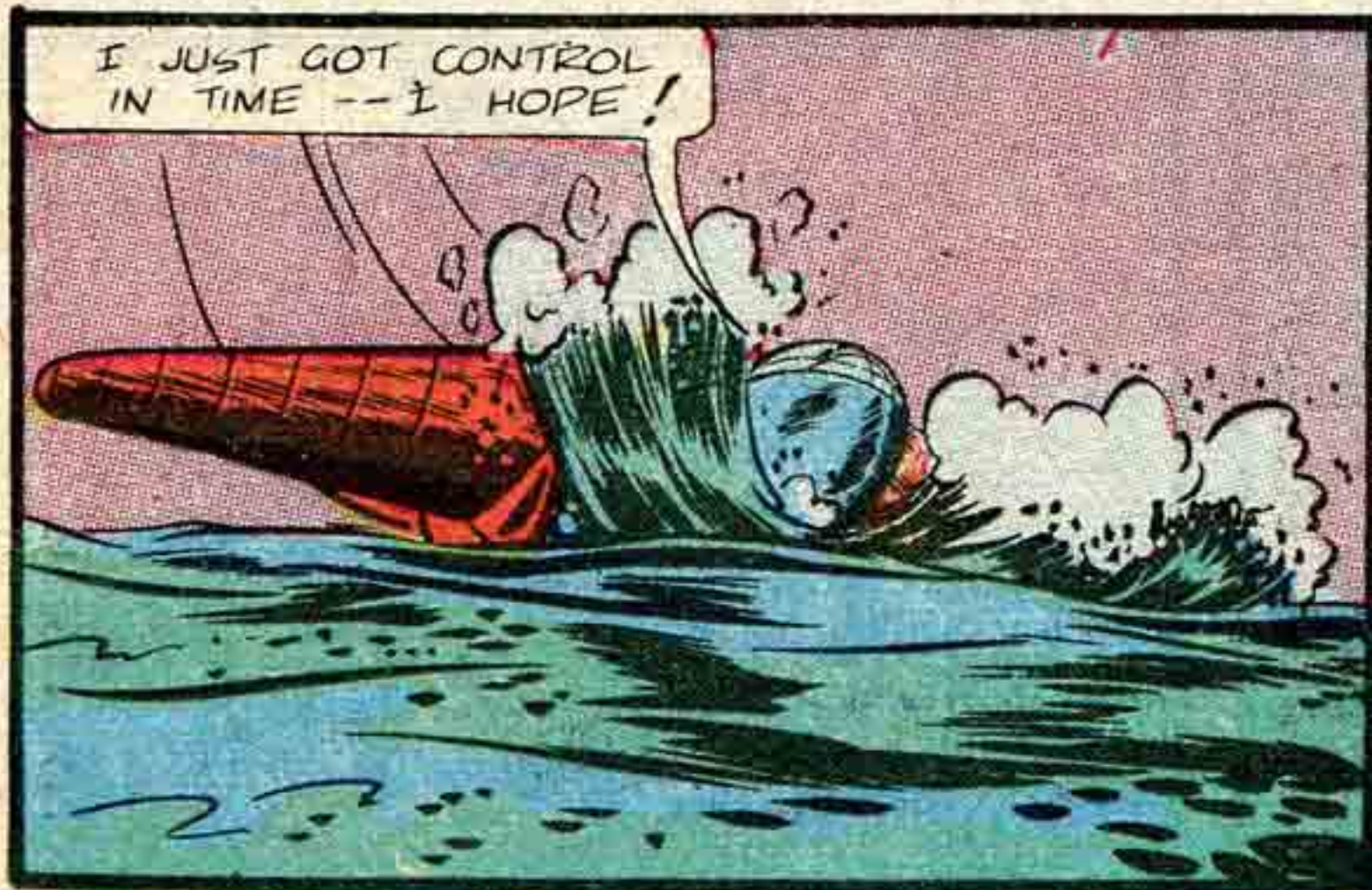


LEAVE THOSE CONTROLS ALONE!! WE'LL CRASH!



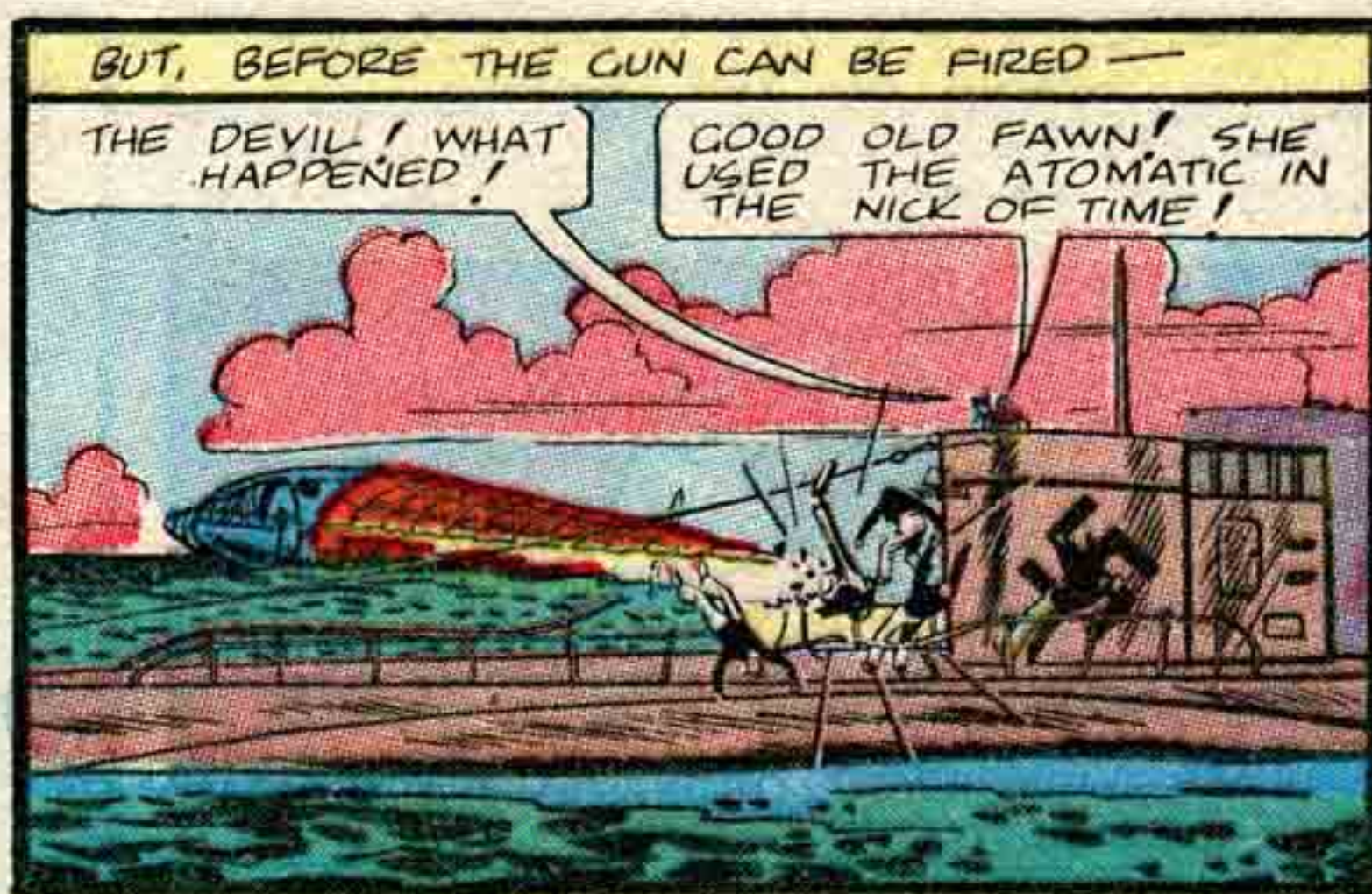
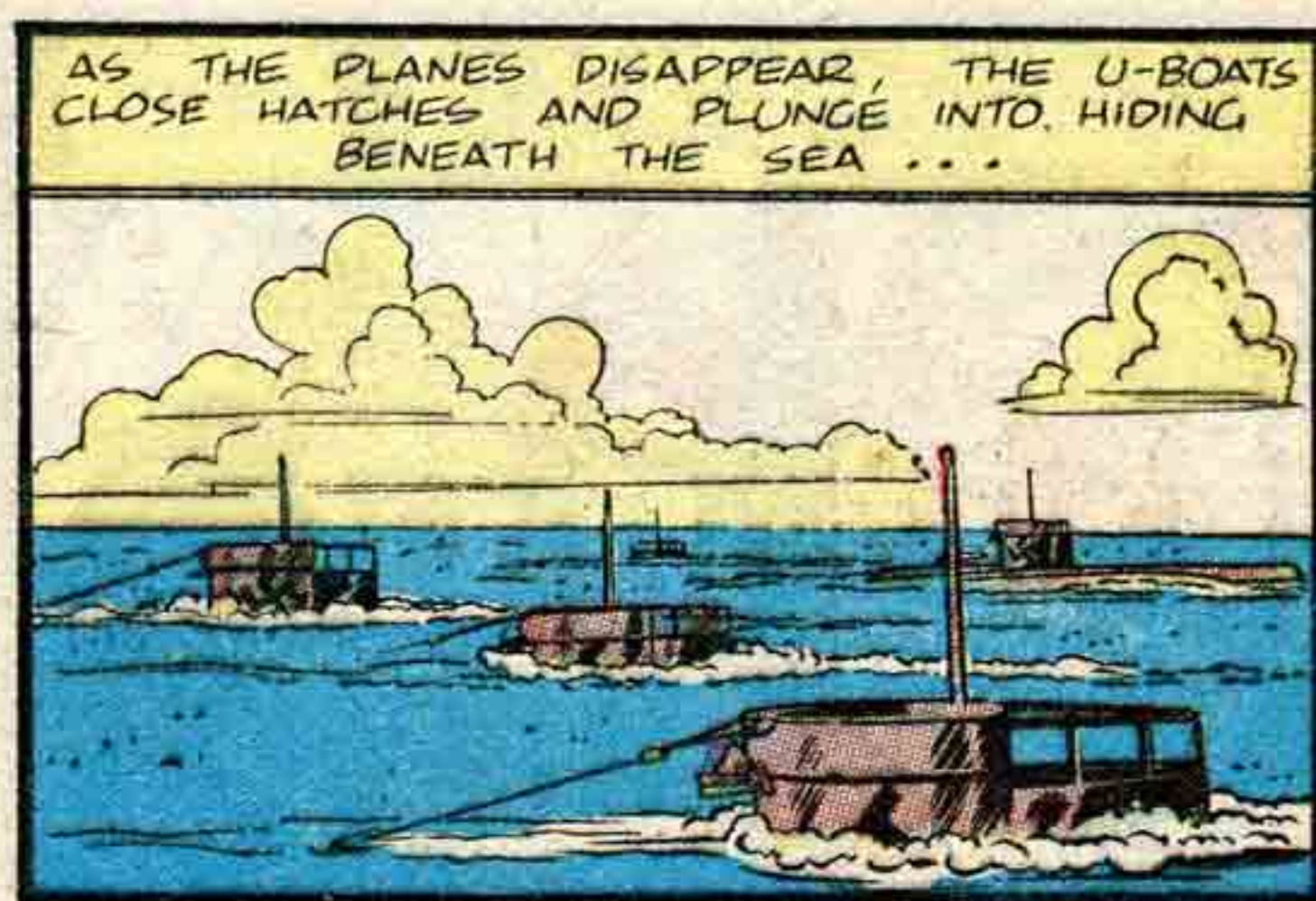
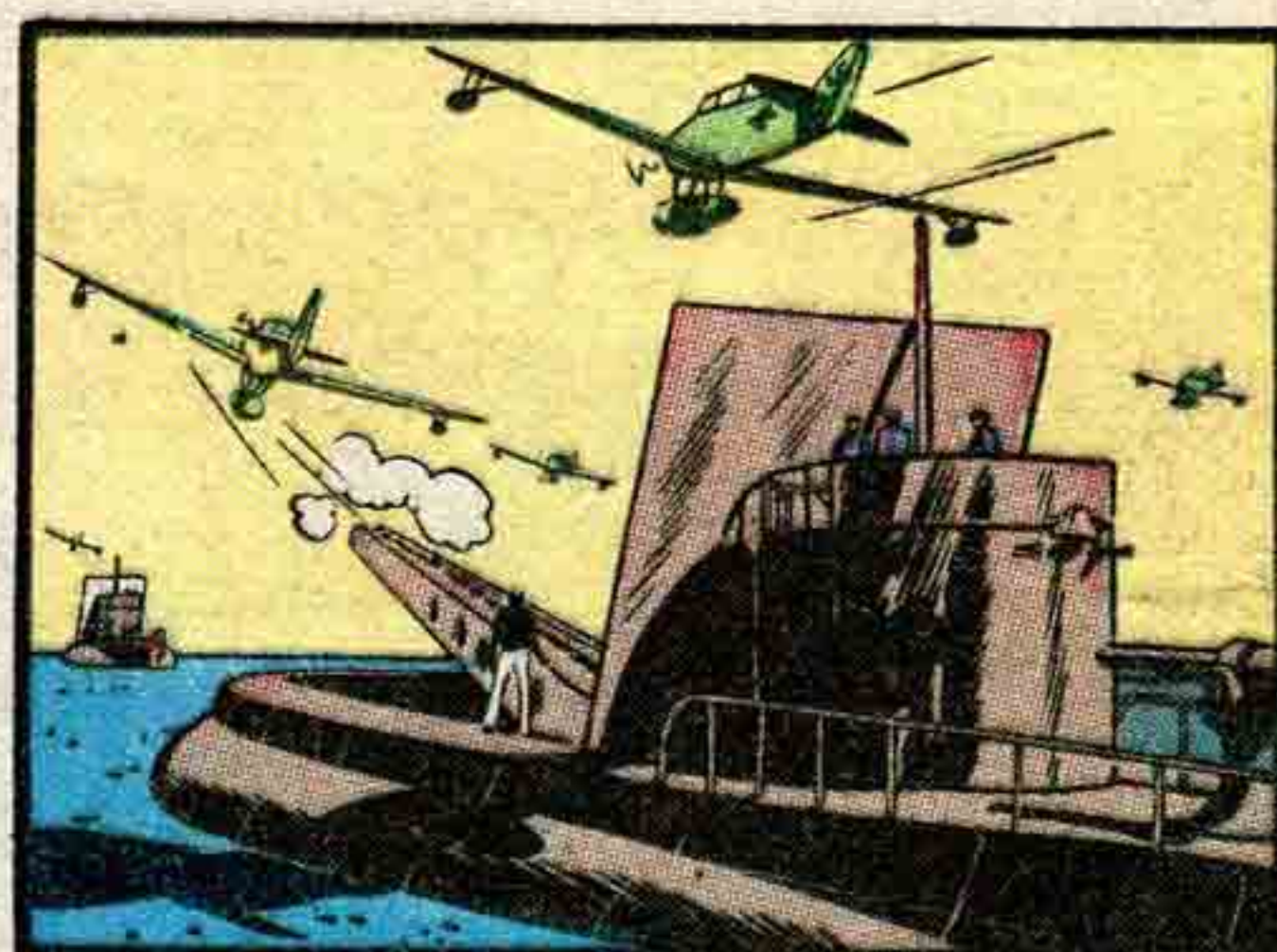
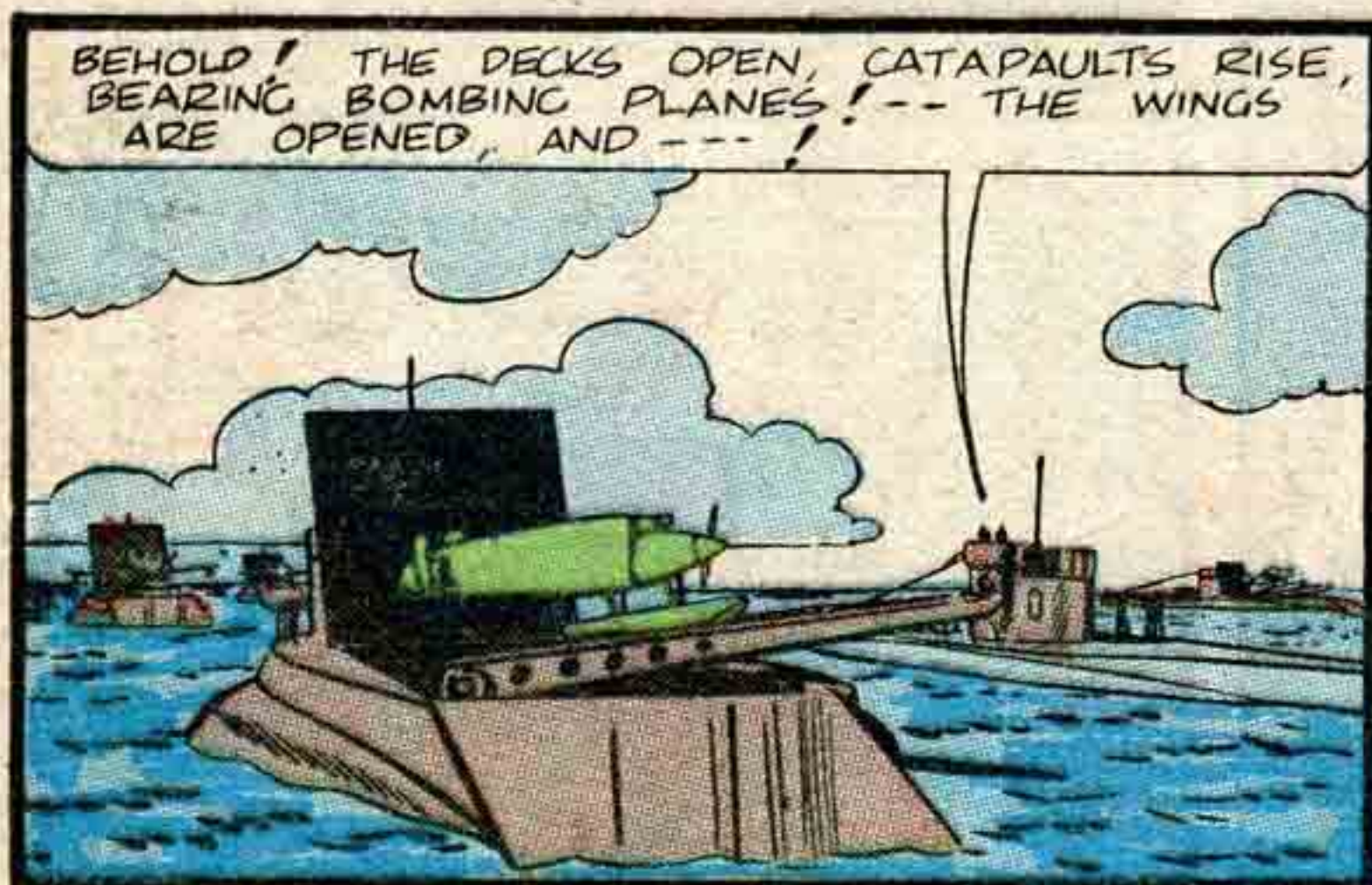


# BIG SHOT COMICS





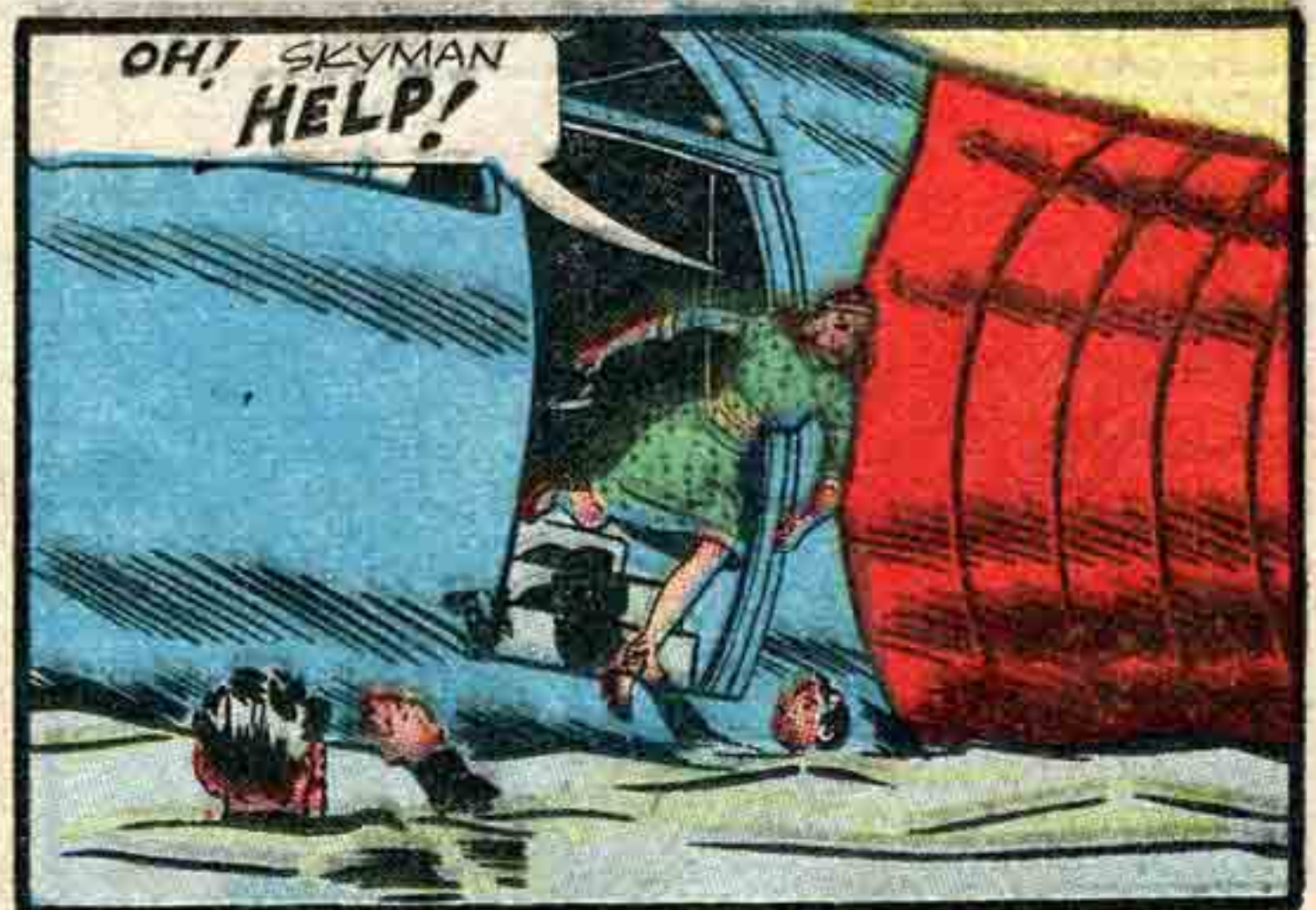
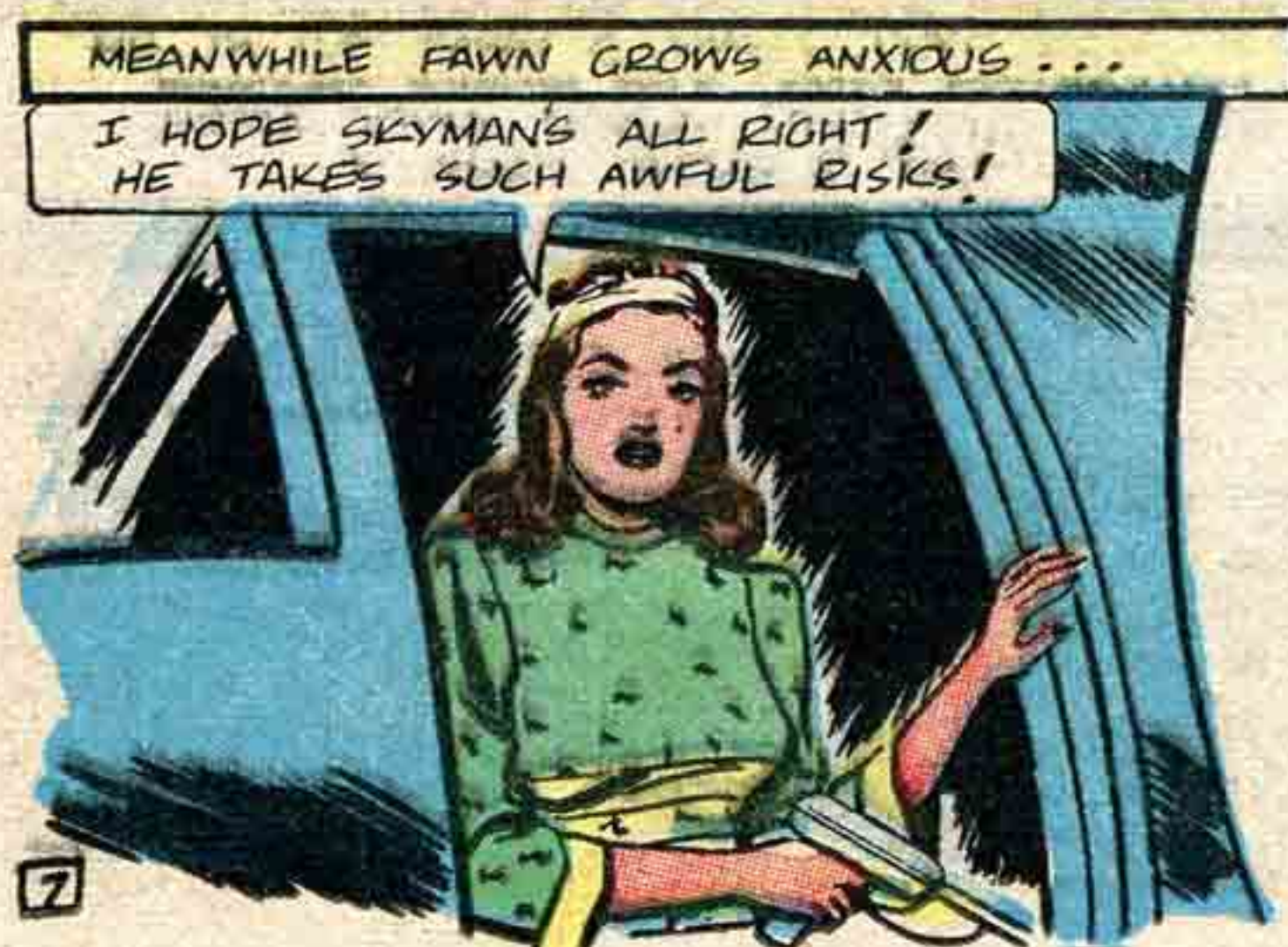
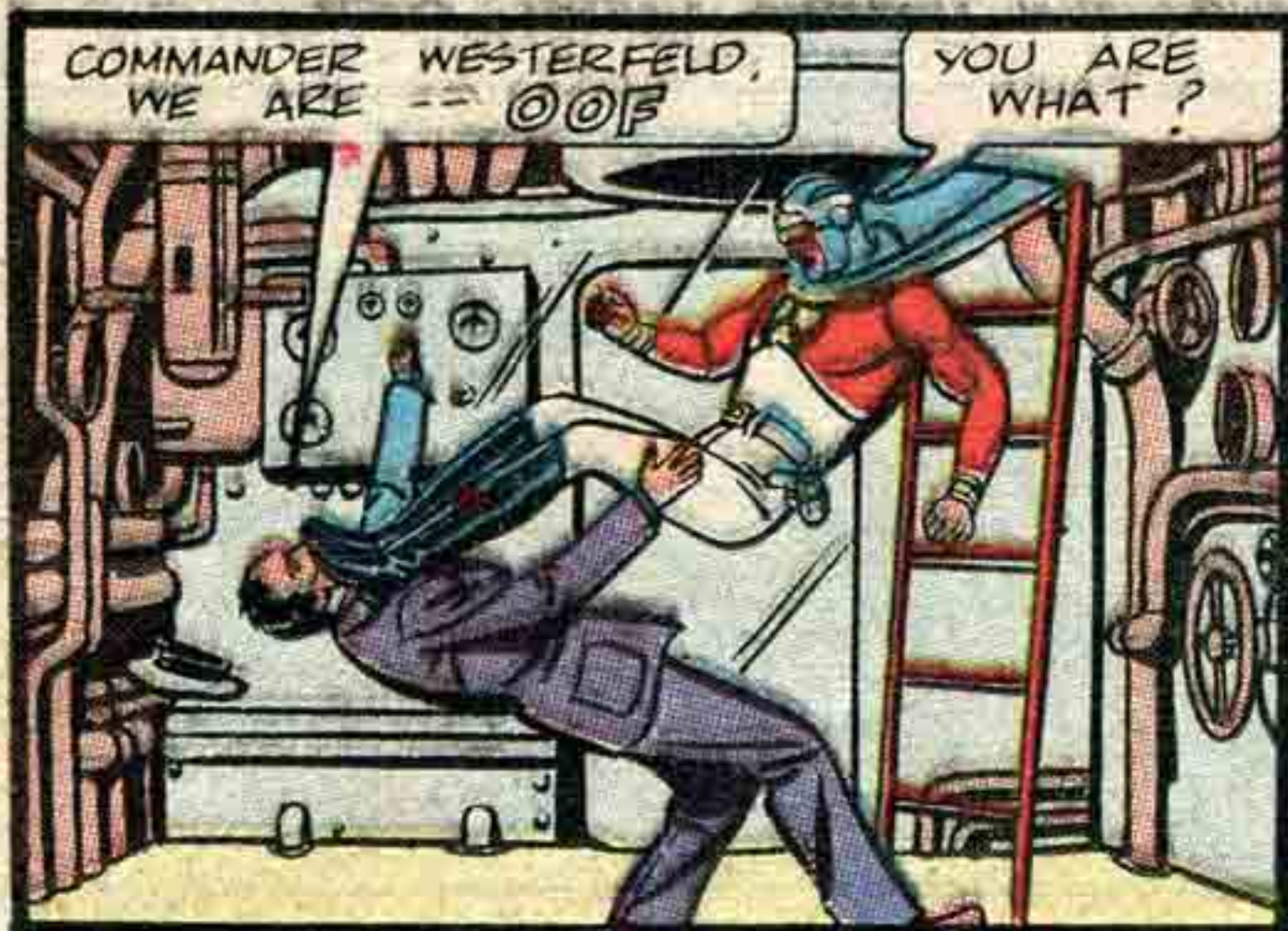
# BIG SHOT COMICS



GOOD OLD FAWN! SHE USED THE ATOMATIC IN THE NICK OF TIME!

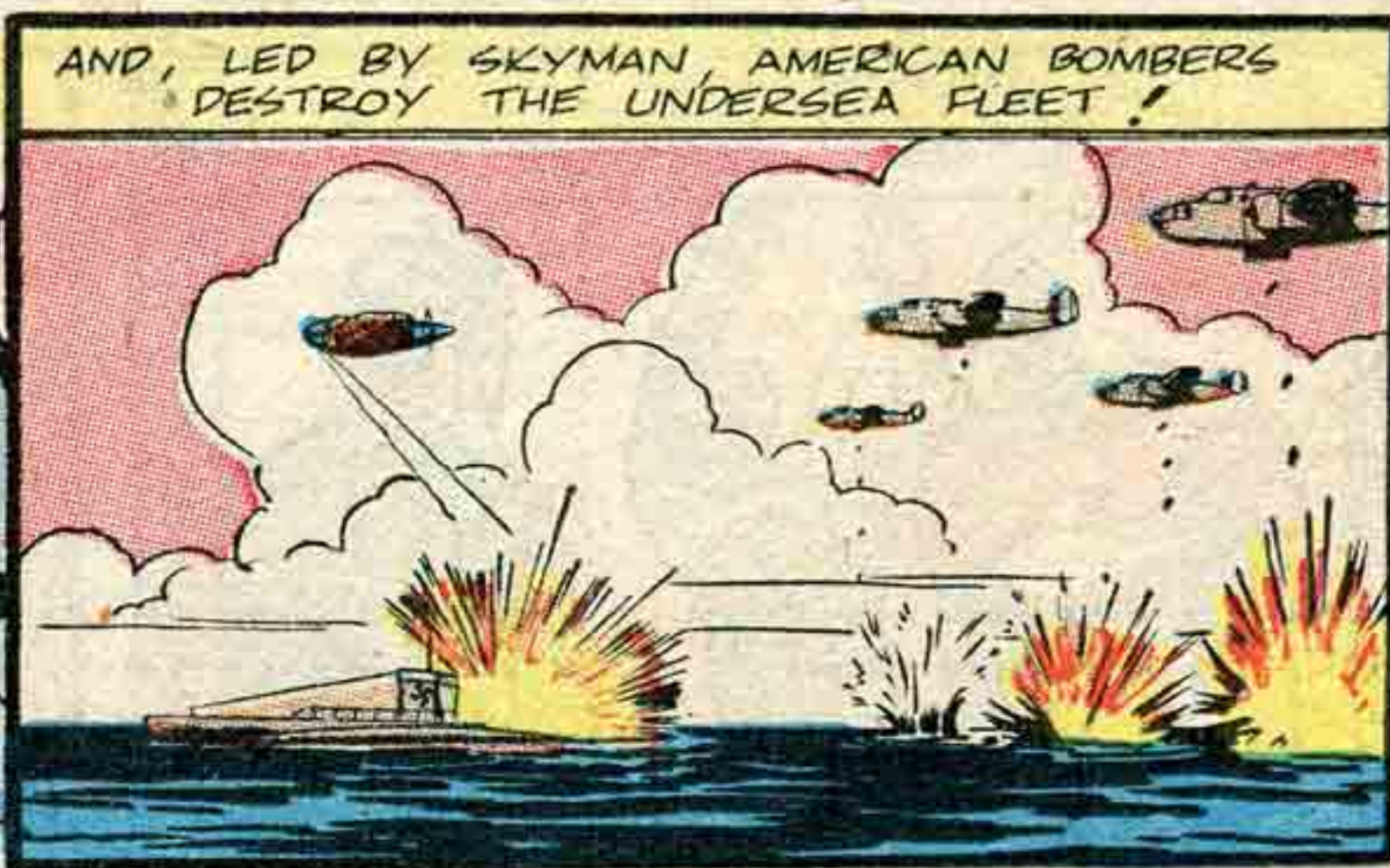
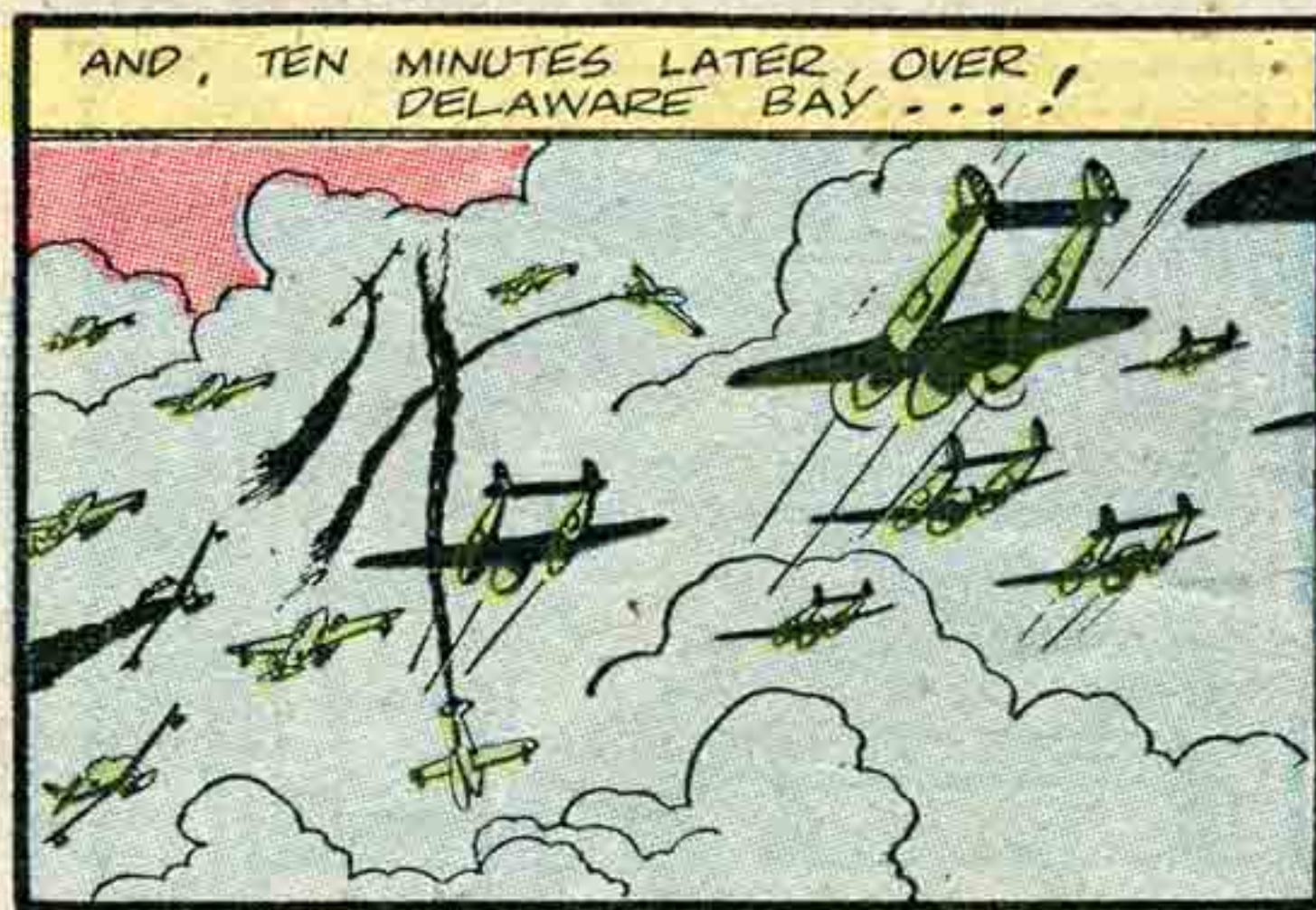


# BIG SHOT COMICS



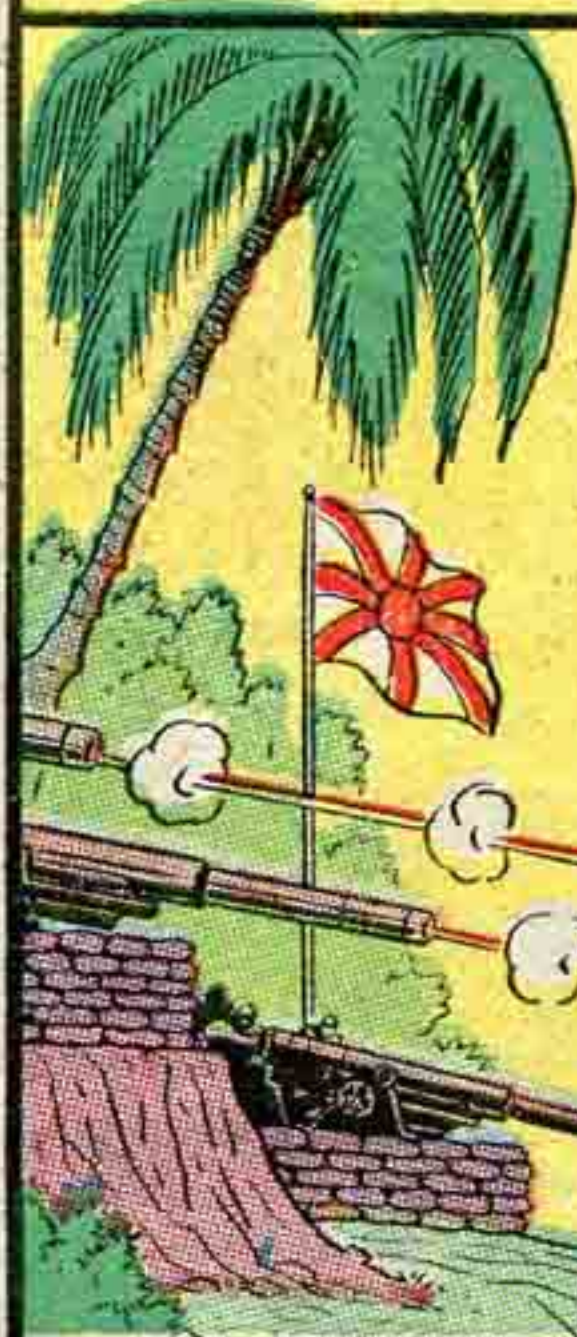


# BIG SHOT COMICS





**DEAR READER:** DUE TO THE THRILLING STAND OF THE AMERICAN ARMED FORCES ALL OVER THE GLOBE, AND IN RESPONSE TO THE NUMEROUS REQUESTS RECEIVED BY YOUR EDITOR, WE HAVE EXTENDED AND ENLARGED THIS WARTIME FEATURE..... WE HOPE YOU LIKE IT !!



# CAPTAIN DEVILDOG OF THE U.S. MARINES

THIS IS PART OF THE SAGA OF THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS DEFENSE DURING THE WINTER OF 1941, 1942..... OF HOW A FEW MARINES LED BY CAPTAIN HANK STEELE BECAME A WHIRLWIND OF RETRIBUTION, HIGH IN THE HILLS OF LUZON! WHILE GENERAL MACARTHUR FOUGHT ON IN THE BATAN PENINSULA AND IN CORREGIDOR FORTRESS, THESE GALLANT HORSEMEN HARASSED THE JAPS IN MORE WAYS THAN ONE!

(14)



AS THE AMERICAN AND PHILIPPINO DEFENDERS OF THE ISLANDS YIELDED WITH BITTER FURY TO HORDES OF YELLOW INVADERS----

THEY OUTNUMBER US IN MEN, TANKS AND PLANES!



BUT THEY SURE ARE PAYING A PRICE IN MANPOWER FOR THEIR SUCCESS!

CAPTAIN STEELE FINDS HIMSELF FACING A TANK ATTACK WITHOUT ANTI-TANK GUNS!

NO WAY TO FIGHT THEM UNLESS ---- I WONDER HOW ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS WOULD WORK? LET'S TRY THEM!



RIGHT!

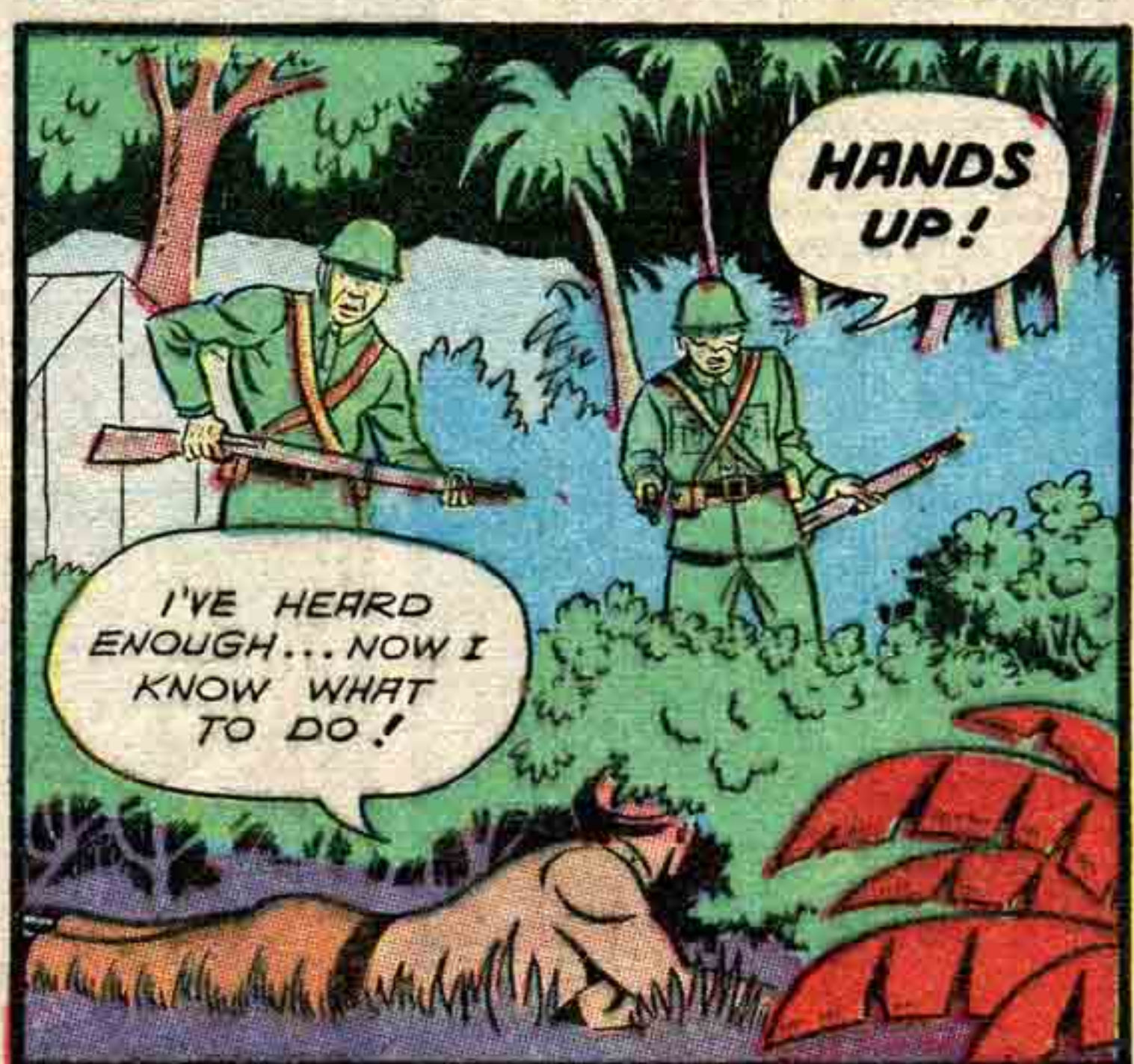
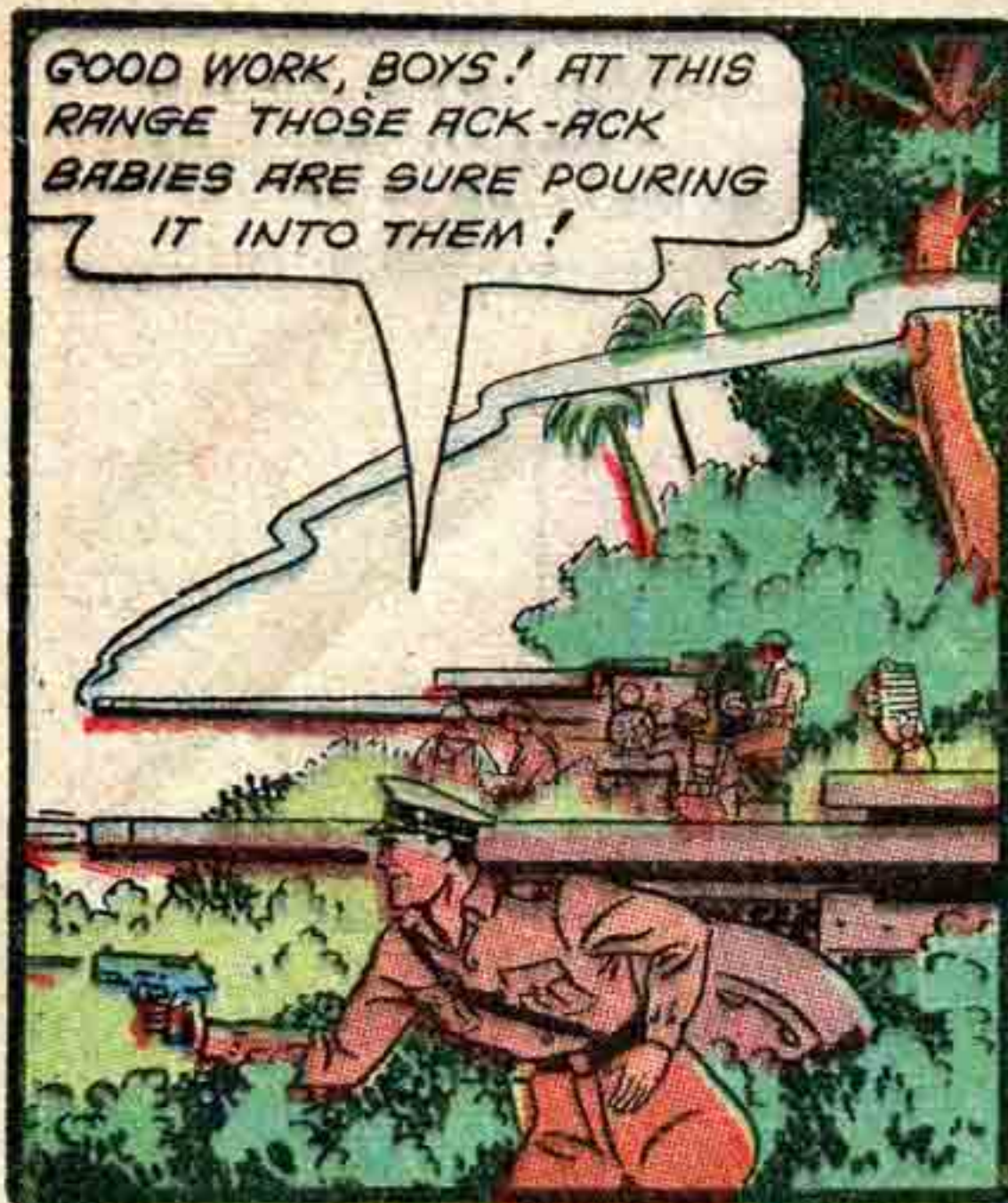
THE LONG BARRELS OF THE ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS ARE LEVELED AND POINTED ALONG THE TANK ROAD.

THEY'RE COMING CLOSER... **NOW LET 'EM HAVE IT !!**



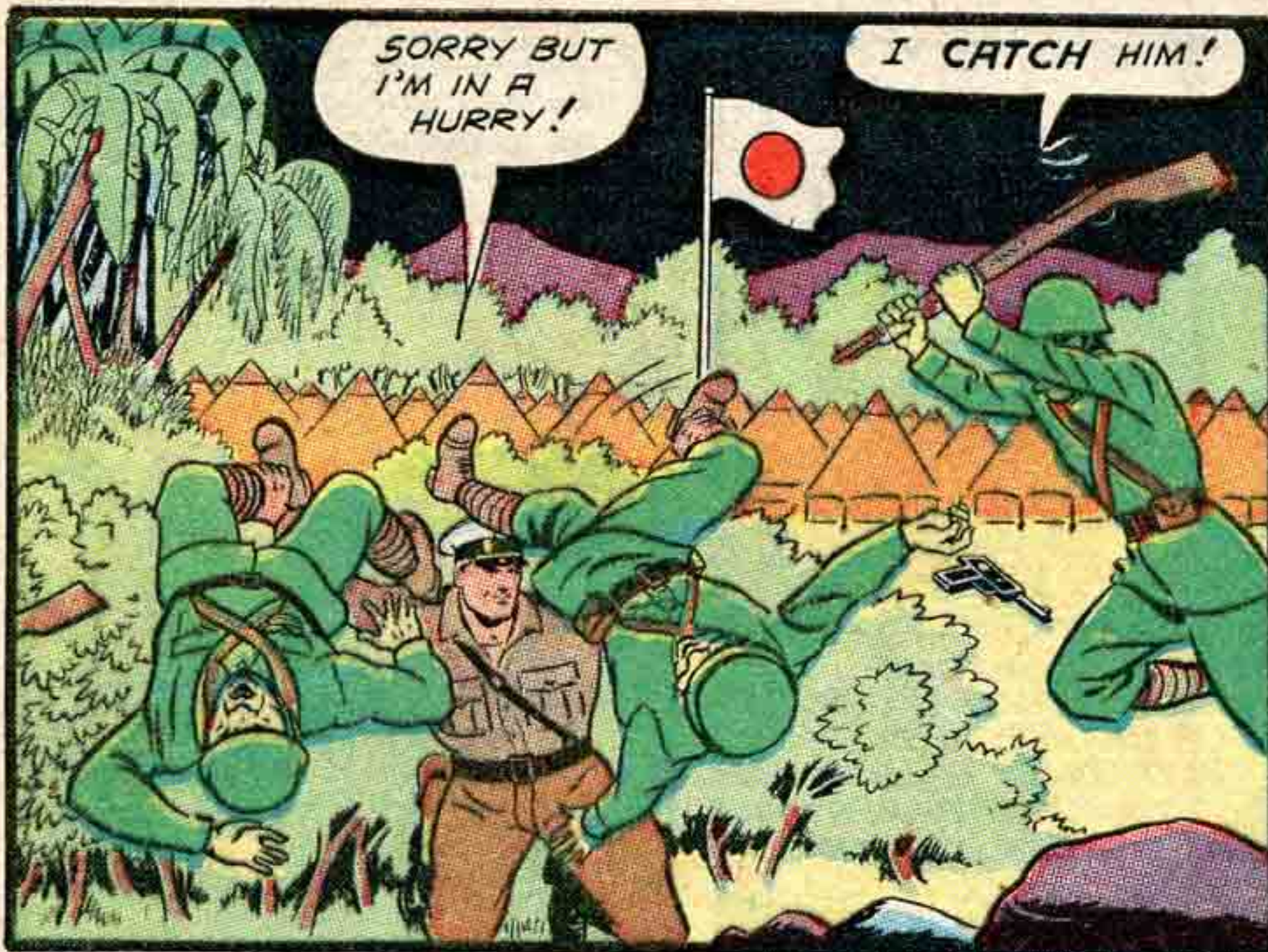


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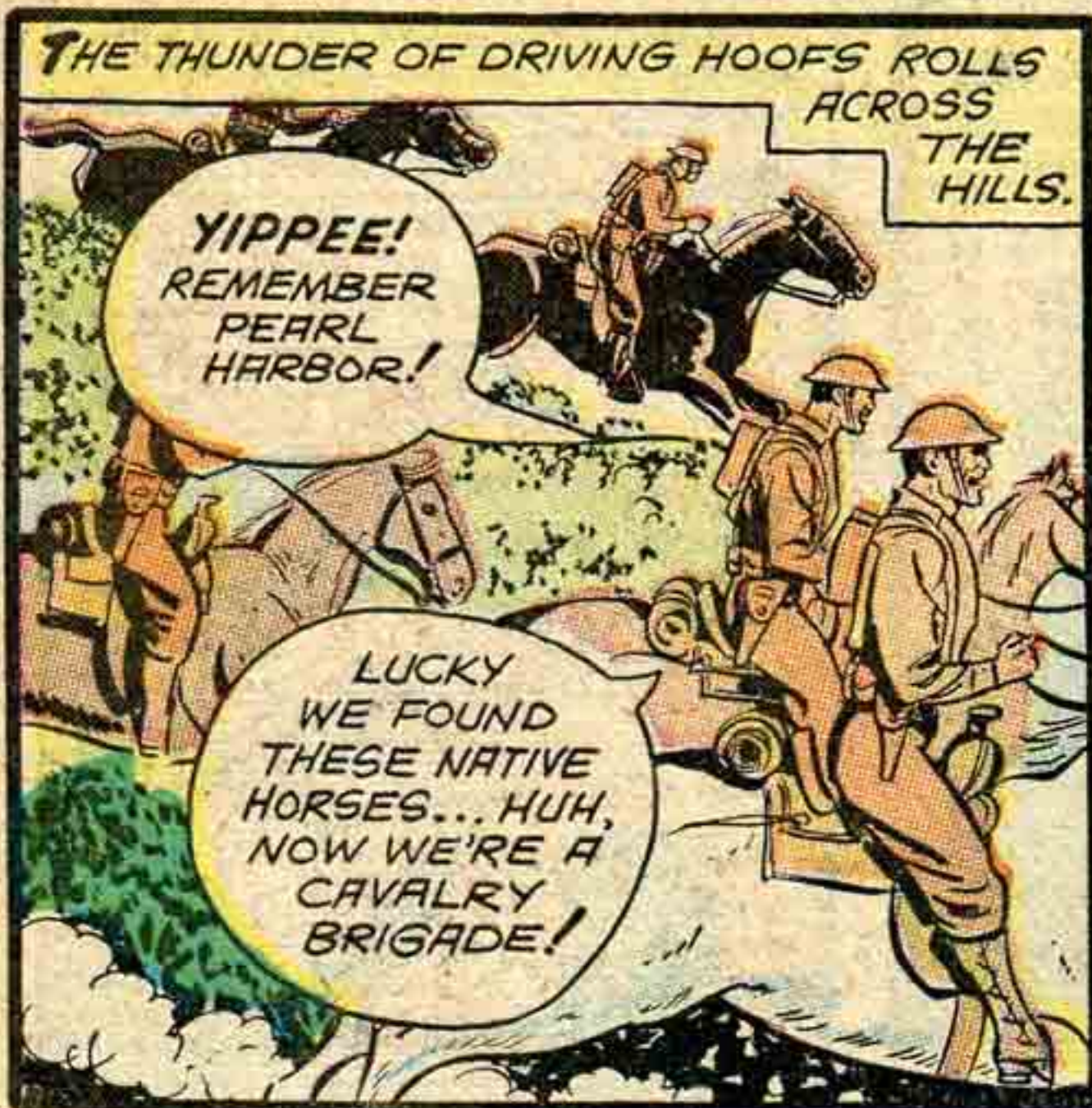


# BIG SHOT COMICS





# BIG SHOT COMICS





# BIG SHOT COMICS

THEN BEGAN  
A REIGN OF  
TERROR FOR  
THE JAPS! LIKE  
THE FAMOUS  
LIGHT CAVALRY  
OF AMERICA'S  
GLORIOUS PAST,  
MARION'S MEN,  
JEB STUART'S  
GREY CLAD  
CONFEDATES,  
CUSTER'S  
MIGHTY 7<sup>TH</sup>  
REGIMENT,  
TEDDY  
ROOSEVELT'S  
ROUGH RIDERS  
...THE  
DASHING  
DEVILDOGS  
ADD THEIR  
NAME TO  
THE LONG  
LIST...



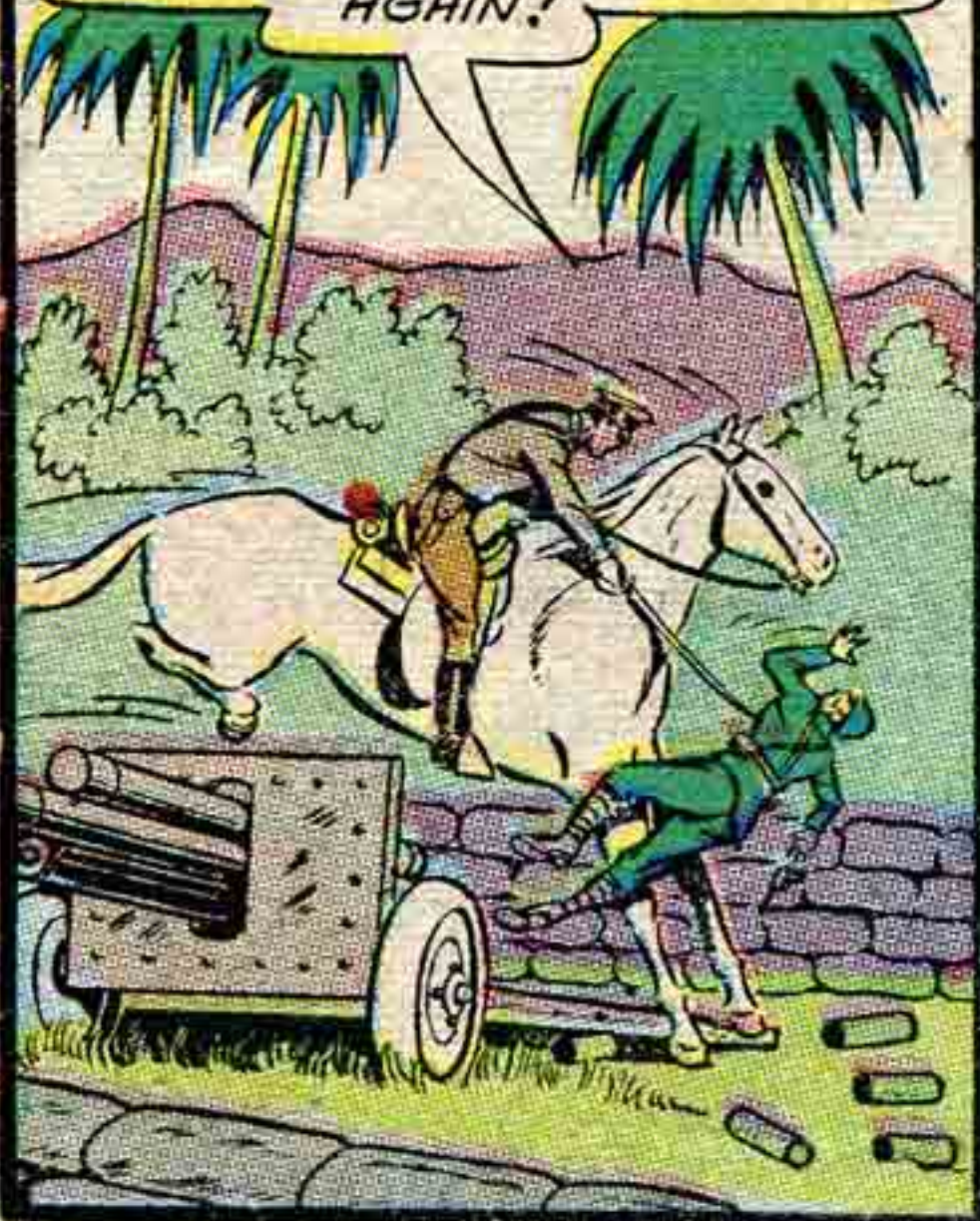
THEY STRIKE BY MOONLIGHT

A LACK OF BRIDGES NEVER STOPPED THEM!



UP AND AT 'EM!

YOU'LL NEVER USE THIS GUN AGAIN!



AT NEED, THE ARTILLERY EXPERTS IN THE HETEROGENOUS CREW THAT RIDES BEHIND CAPTAIN DEVILDOG-MAN THE GUNS...

THAT'S TURNING THE TABLES ON THEM! FEED 'EM A LITTLE OF THEIR OWN SHELLS! LOOK AT 'EM BREAK RANKS!



A FEROCIOUS CHARGE OF CAVALRY AND THE JAPS BREAK AND RUN!

WE'RE TURNING THEM! KEEP AT IT!



RUN!  
RUN!

THE  
DASHING  
DEVIL-  
DOGS!

INTO THE HILLS! THEY'LL NEVER CATCH US THERE!





# BIG SHOT COMICS

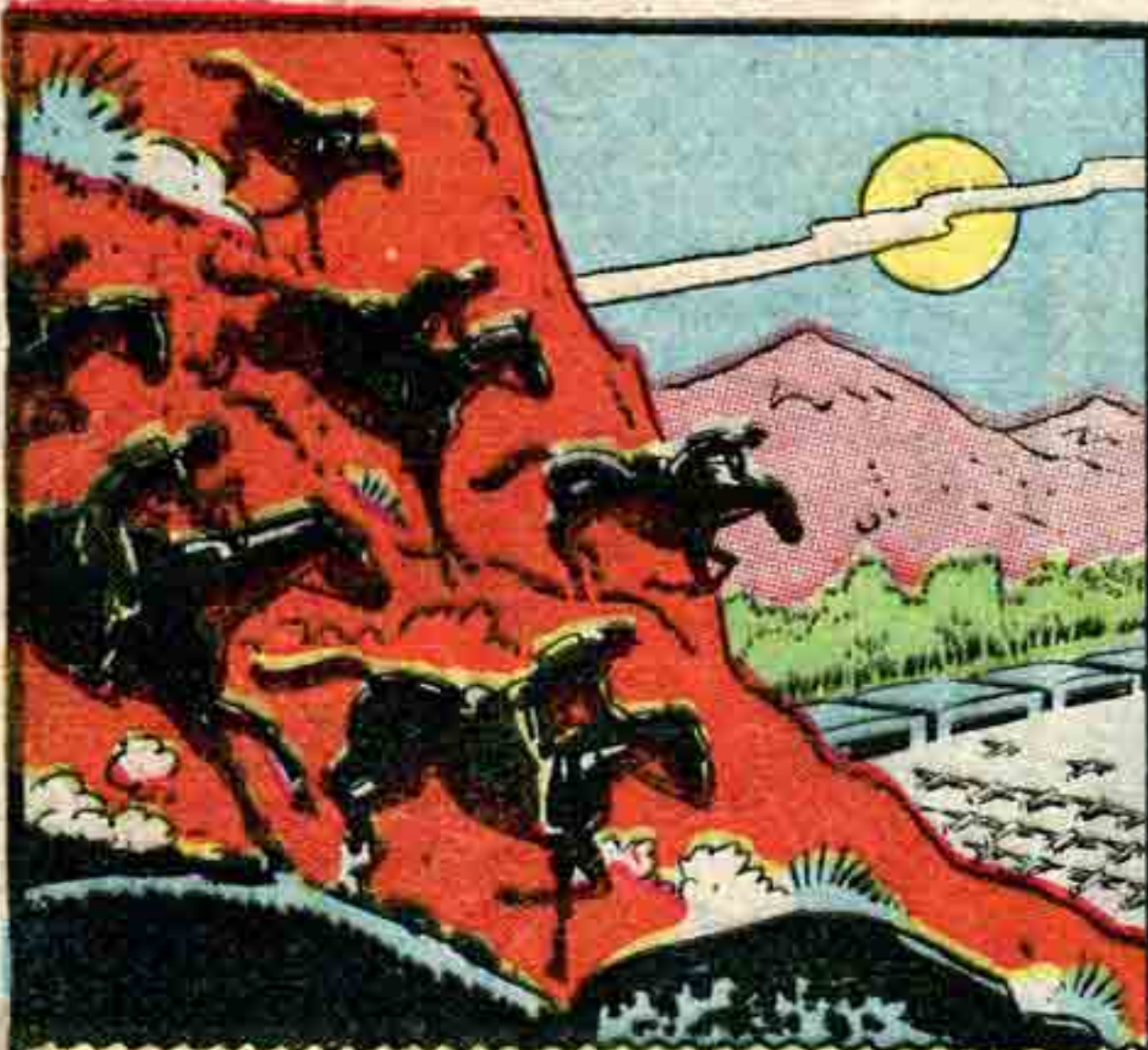
FRIENDLY PHILIPPINOS FEED THEM  
AND FURNISH VITAL INFORMATION...

MANILA WAS  
DECLARED  
OPEN CITY.  
JAPS  
BOMBED IT  
JUST THE  
SAME!

THOSE  
TREACHEROUS  
RATS! BOMBING  
AN OPEN CITY!  
WHAT ELSE?

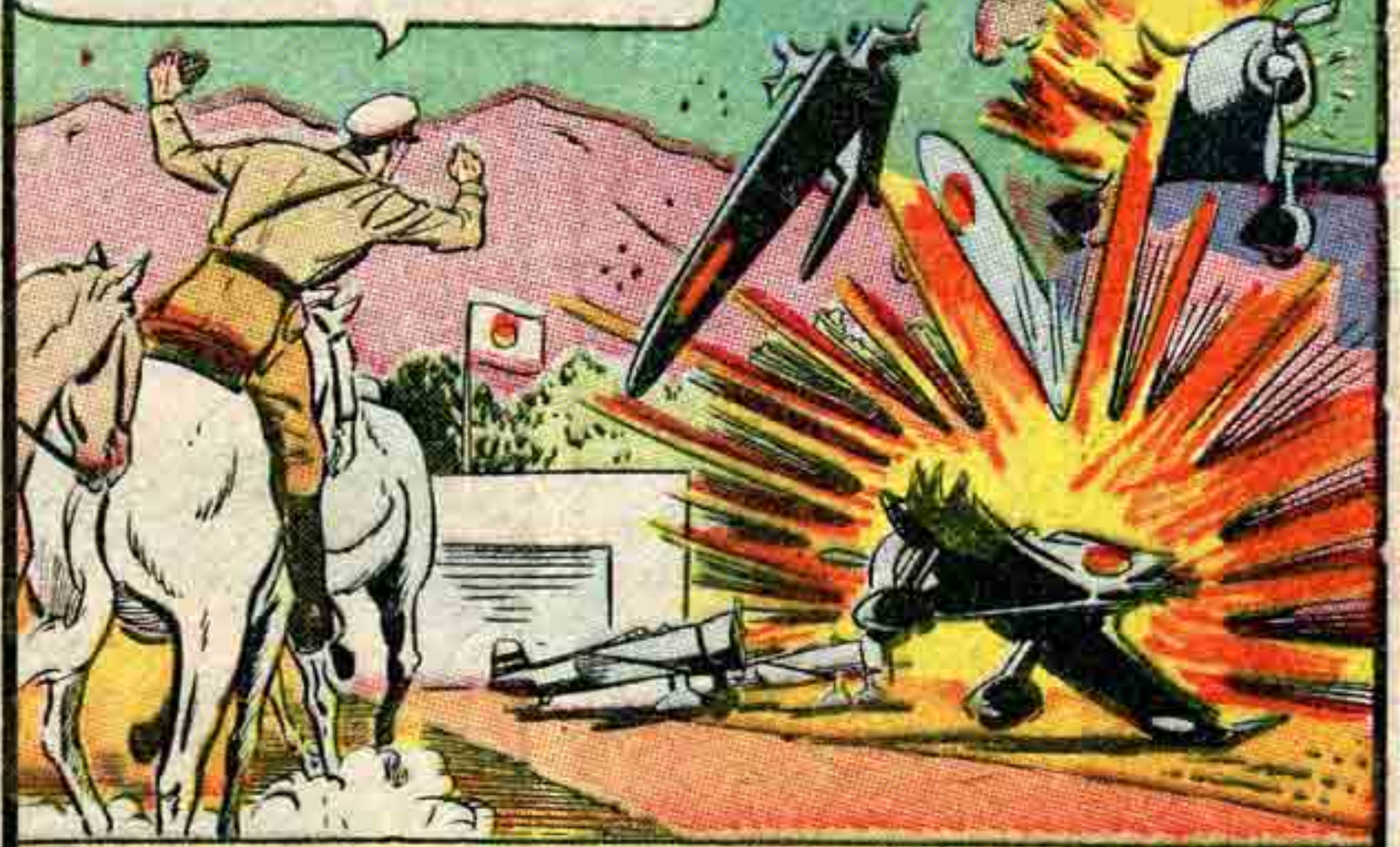
MANY JAPANESE PLANES  
HAVE BEEN BROUGHT ONTO  
ISLAND..... THEY WILL  
OUTNUMBER FEW AMERICAN  
ONES... THEY CAN BOMB  
ARTILLERY!

THOSE PLANES MUST BE  
DESTROYED! THEY'RE ALL  
BASED OUTSIDE MANILA....  
IF WE CIRCLE THROUGH THE  
HILLS AND COME DOWN ON  
THEM AT NIGHT, WE'LL GET  
THEM!



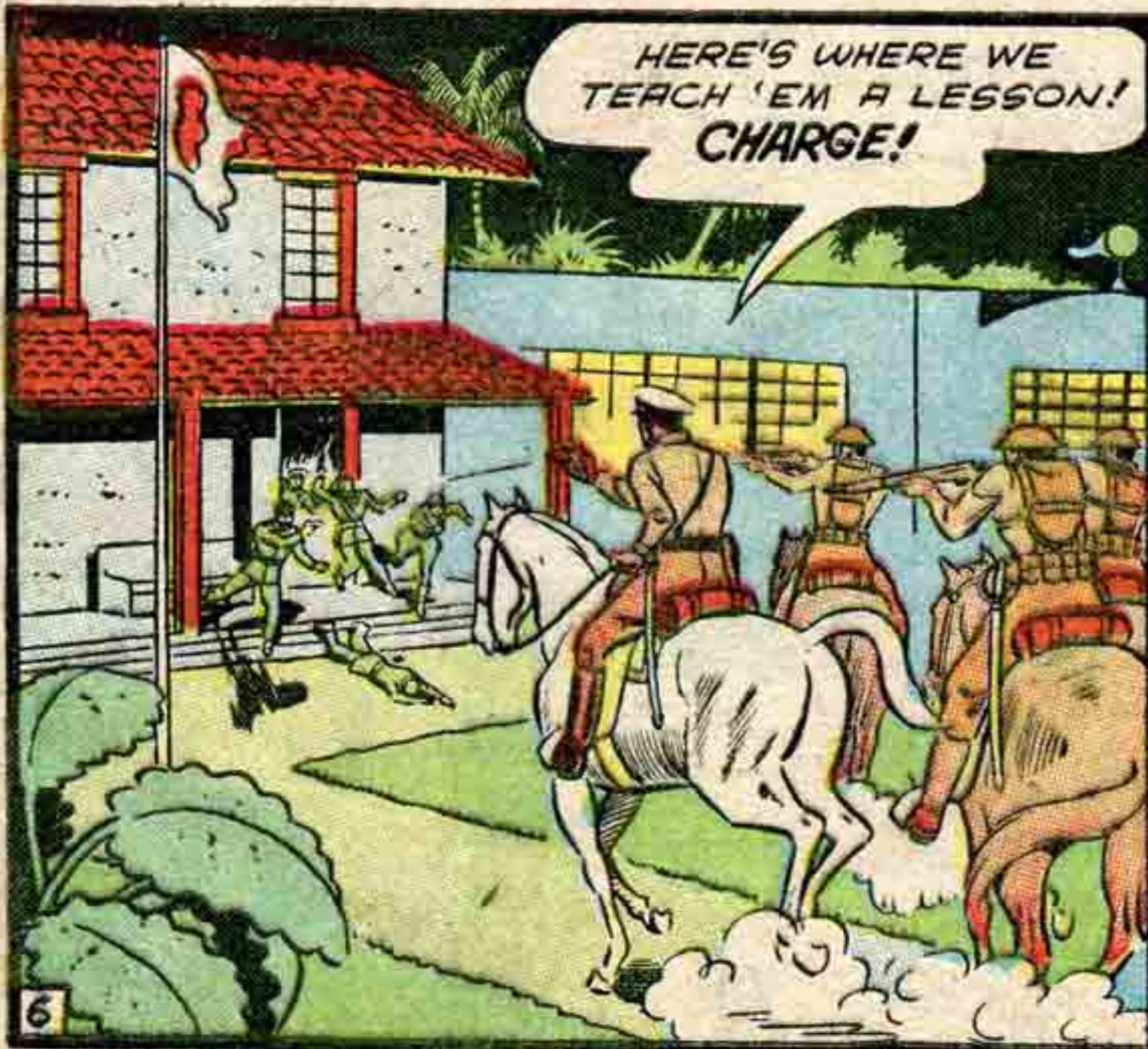
UNDER THE SWOLLEN PACIFIC MOON,  
FLEET CAVALRY CHARGE DOWN THE  
HILLS, SILENT AND DEADLY....

FIRST TIME I EVER HEARD OF CAVALRY  
FIGHTING AIRCRAFT! AND DOING A  
SUCCESSFUL JOB TOO!



THE JAP PLANES ARE BOMBED WITH HAND GRENADES....

HERE'S WHERE WE  
TEACH 'EM A LESSON!  
**CHARGE!**



AS A WIND SCATTERS LEAVES, SO THE CAVALRY  
RIDES THROUGH AND OVER THE JAPANESE  
DEFENDING FORCES!

TO THE HILLS! TO  
THE HILLS! OUR  
WORK IS DONE!





# BIG SHOT COMICS

INTO THE HILLS FILTER AMERICAN AND PHILIPPINE SOLDIERS, CUT OFF FROM THE MAIN BATTLE LINES, SWELLING THE RANKS OF THE DASHING DEVILDOGS....

GLAD TO HAVE YOU WITH US. WE NEED MEN ALL THE TIME!

WE'VE HEARD OF YOU.... EVERYONE OUT HERE HAS... DID YOU HEAR THE LATEST NEWS?

OUR SCOUTS REPORTED A HUGE ARMY OF REINFORCEMENTS ATTEMPTING TO SLIP THROUGH THE JUNGLES AND OUTFLANK THE MAIN FORCE...

THAT'S WORK CUT OUT FOR US!

WE'RE ATTACKING AN ENTIRE ARMY TODAY! THERE'LL BE A LOT OF US WHO WON'T RETURN! BUT WE'VE GOT TO SMASH THAT FLANKING MOVEMENT!

JAPANESE COMMANDERS HAVE PLOTTED THEIR STRATEGY...

OUR MEN STRIKE HERE, AT MACARTHUR'S LEFT. THEY MUST PASS THROUGH JUNGLE AND THEY WILL APPEAR ON THE HILLS LIKE A SWORD!

WE WILL HAVE THEM AT OUR MERCY THEN!

THE JAP ARMY SETS OUT...

IT WILL BE A FINAL BLOW AND A KILLING ONE!

...BUT IT DOES NOT KNOW THAT AWAITING IT IS A PICKED FORCE OF HARD BITTEN FIGHTING MEN...

THEY'RE COMING, MEN...

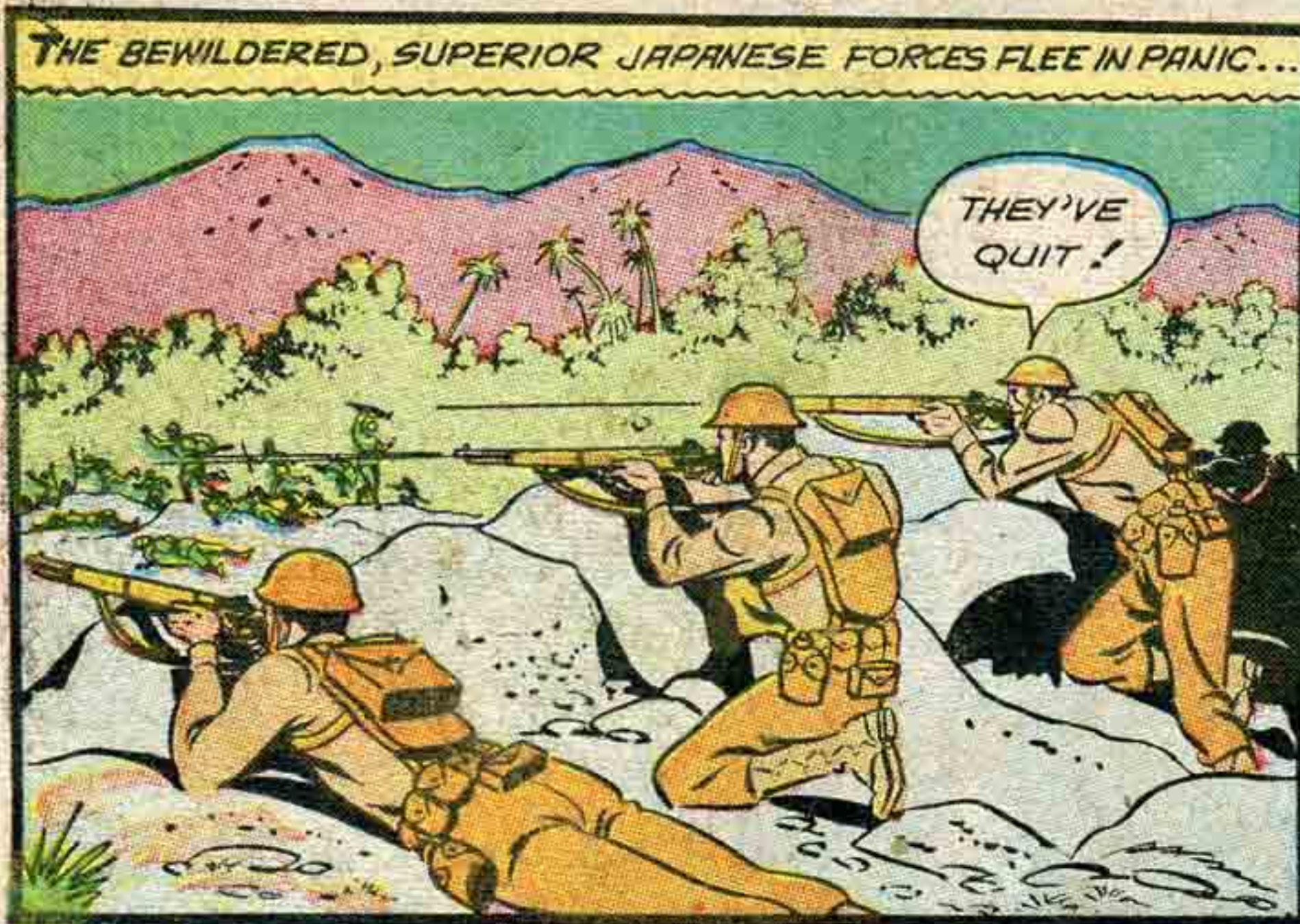
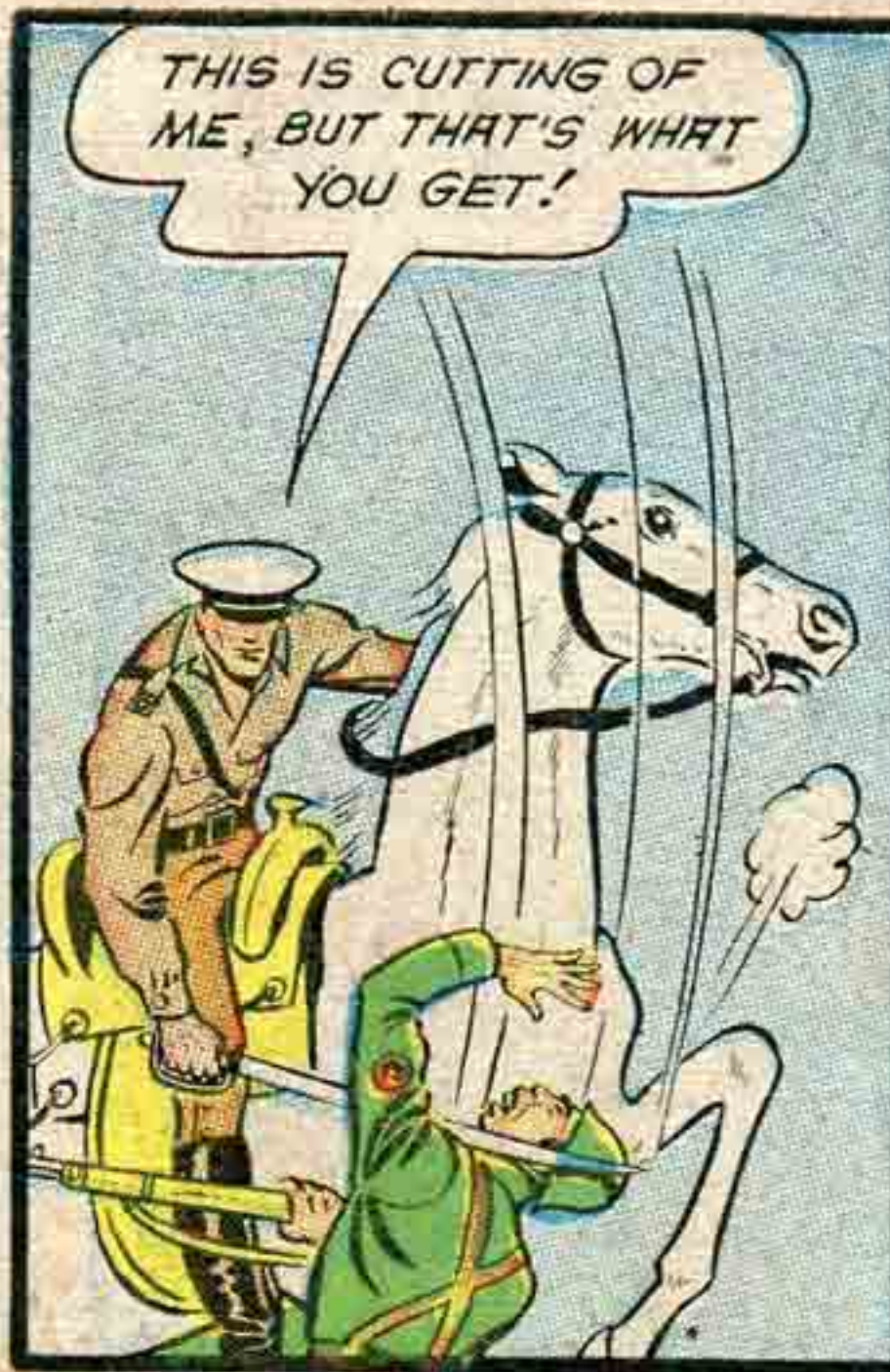
...BUT SO ARE WE... CHARGE!

YIPPEEE!

YAHOOO!



# BIG SHOT COMICS



SECURE IN THEIR HILLS, THE DEVILDOGS HARASS AND ANNOY THE INVADING JAPANESE ARMY... WE LEAVE THEM NOW, BUT WE WILL HAVE MORE TO TELL OF THEIR GALLANT FIGHT AGAINST OVERWHELMING ODDS --- IN THE FOLLOWING ISSUES OF...

**BIG SHOT COMICS!**

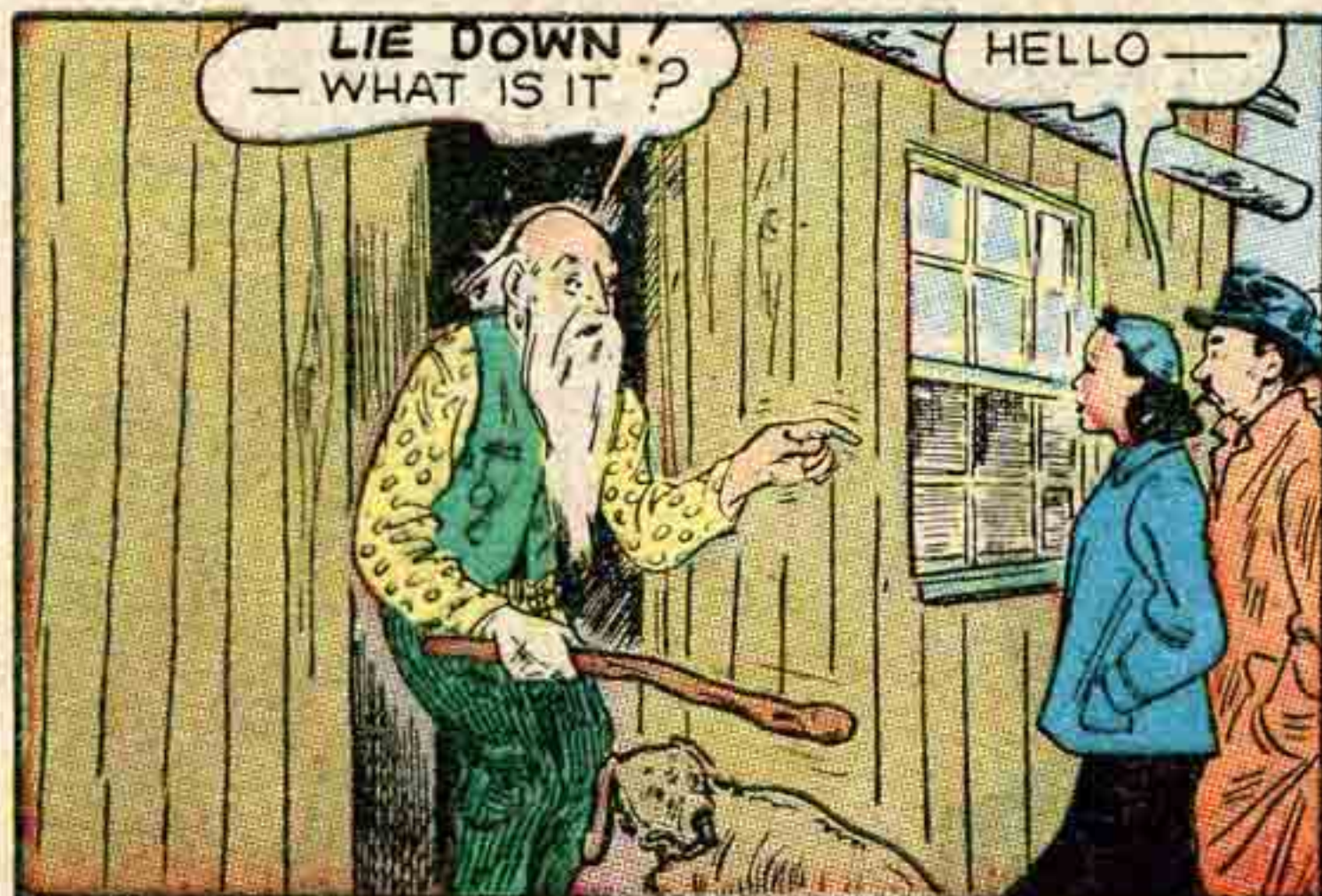
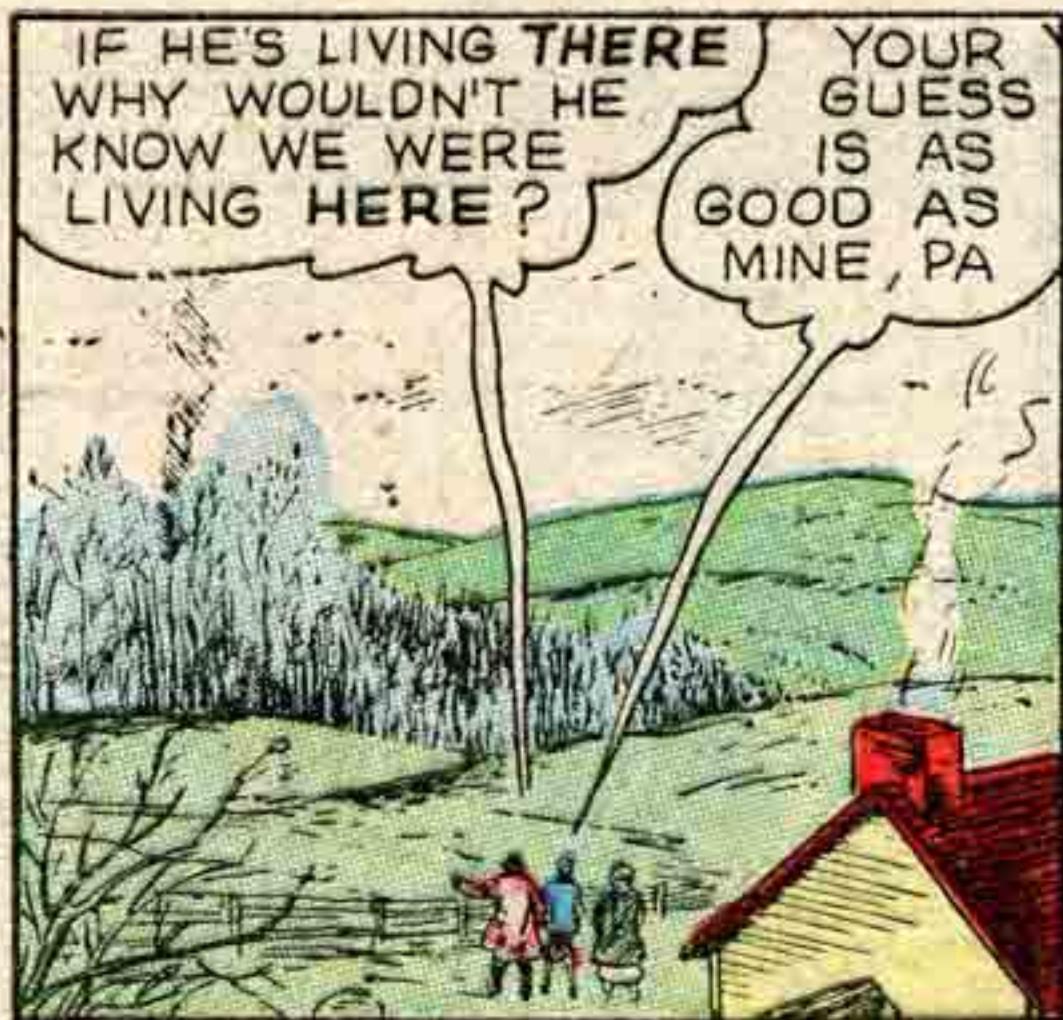


# DIXIE DUGAN

THINKING HER FAMILY THE RIGHTFUL OWNERS, DIXIE LEARNS THAT THE FARM BELONGS TO A "JON TEDDER". SHE RETURNS HOME AFTER HER FAILURE TO LOCATE THE REAL OWNER... SHE SEES SMOKE FROM THE WINDOW...

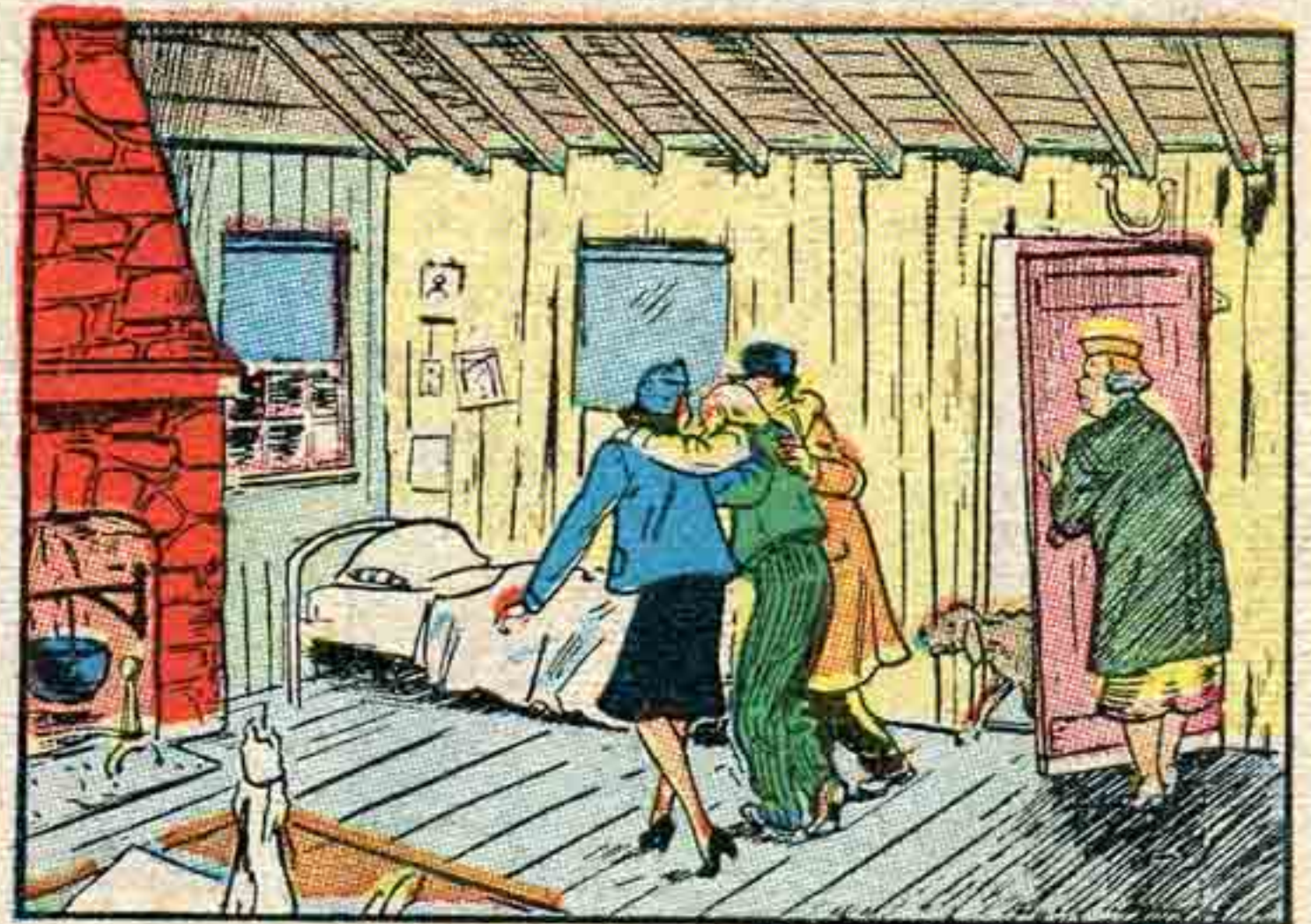
By STRIEBEL and McEVÖY

IS JON TEDDER LIVING ON THE FARM JUST BEYOND THE WOODS?



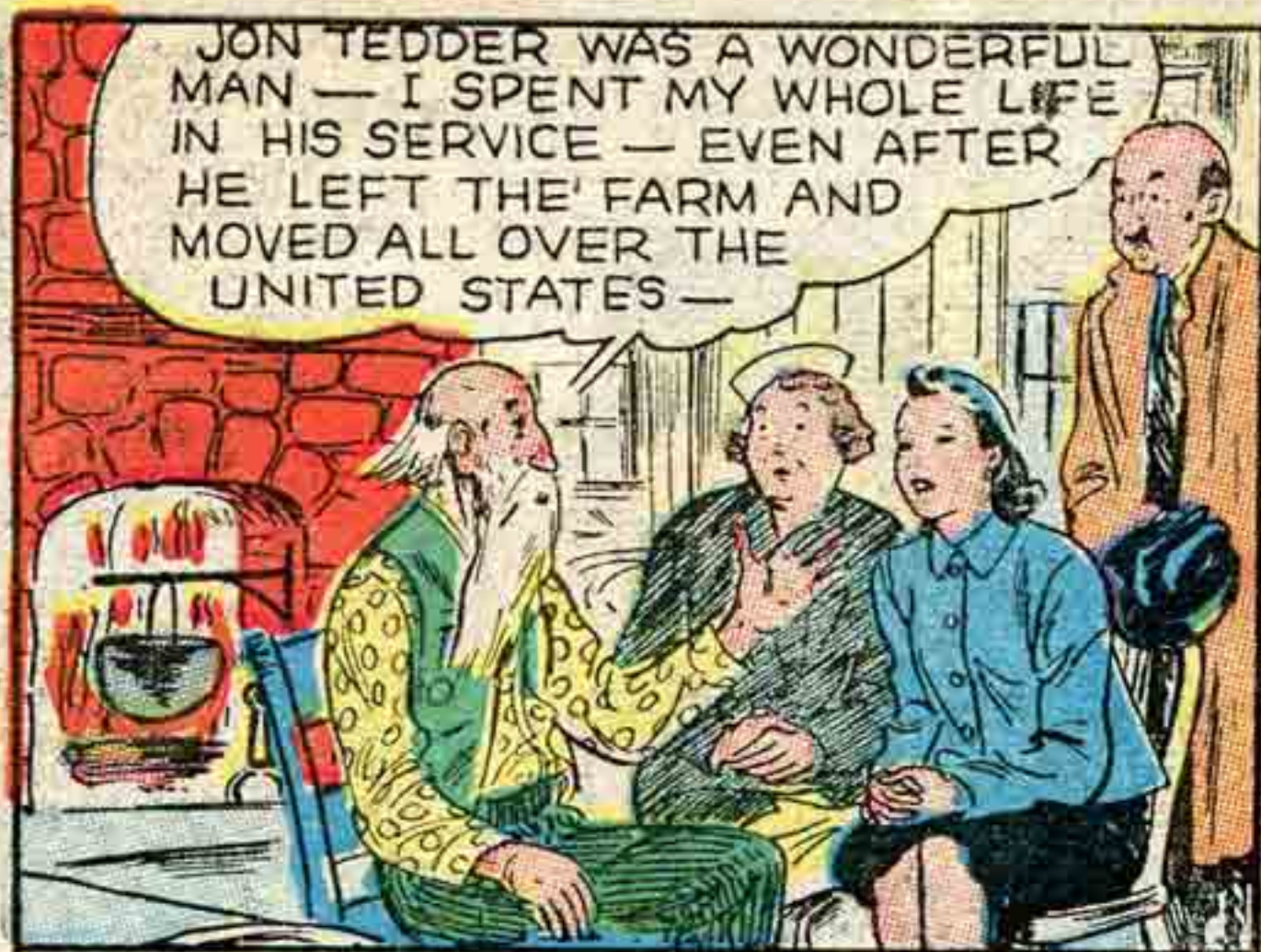


# BIG SHOT COMICS





# BIG SHOT COMICS

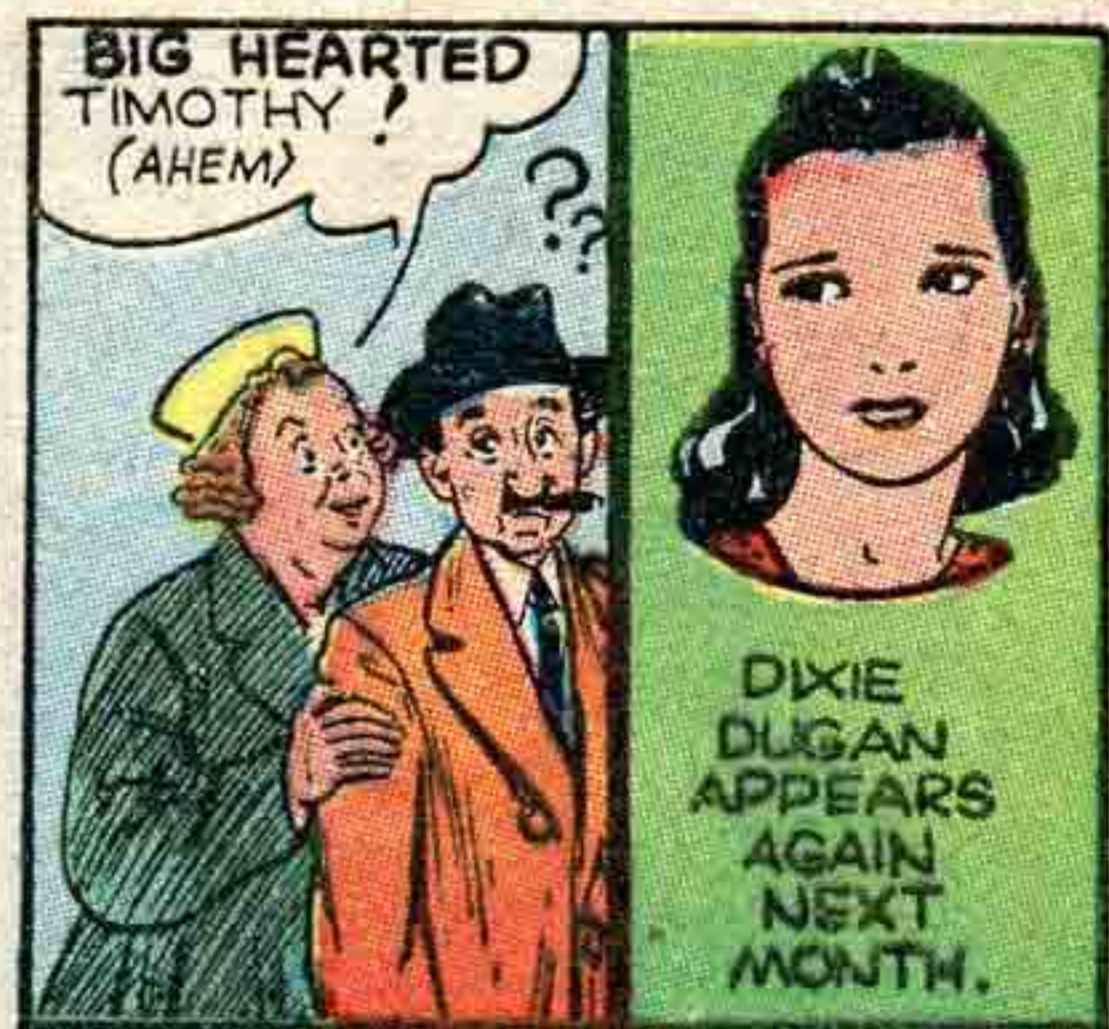




# BIG SHOT COMICS



**A**FTER SEARCHING ALL OVER THE U.S.A. FOR THE OWNER OF THE FARM, DIXIE'S SEARCH ENDED BACK ON THE FARM AND MA IS THE OWNER!



DIXIE DUGAN APPEARS AGAIN NEXT MONTH.



**T**HE Continental Express raced through the tunnel and on eastward

I folded the newspaper and put it aside; and of a sudden the train came to a grinding halt. Through the window I could see the dim gleams of half a dozen oil lamps and back from a wooden platform stood a small shed. A group of armed soldiers, their rifles shining in the weak light, approached the train.

"This appears interesting," I remarked, turning to Phil; and then I paused in amazement. There he sat with the black wallet unfolded on his lap and striking a match, he applied it to the documents he held in his hand.

Very carefully and methodically he allowed the papers to burn to a black crisp, dropping the charred remains in a cigarette tray on the table by his side. He ground the ashes to a fine pulp with his fingers and opening the car window, blew them into the chilled night air.

"Good Heavens, man," I cried, "you destroyed the papers? Why?"

Burton smiled. "For the simple reason that if those papers had been found on us we wouldn't live long enough to see the light of this day! But don't be over alarmed, old boy, I did keep one of the letters to identify us should we ever reach the embassy; it's disguised as a press report and very cleverly done at that, so I don't believe we'll have any trouble on that account."

"Our mission seems meaningless and without any point with the other papers destroyed," I exclaimed with a trace of annoyance creeping into my voice.

"Not at all!" my friend laughed. "You see, I memorized all the vital details of the documents and you must admit that I do possess a most remarkable brain for things of that sort!"

The tramping of feet sounded in the corridor outside our door and a moment later there came a terse knocking.

"Come in!" Phil shouted quite cheerfully.

**T**HE door opened and four well-armed soldiers crowded into our small compartment and stood stiffly at attention. There was

*Two newspapermen caught in the maelstrom of European conflict, arrested on the charge of being in secret complicity with an enemy country . . .*

a slight pause, undoubtedly done for a dramatic purpose, and then in stepped a grim and pompous looking captain.

"I regret delaying the train, gentlemen," he said in a dry tone, "but the action is necessitated for an obvious reason. Do I make myself clear, Herr Burton?"

"I'm afraid you don't," Phil lied, "and I'm surprised and somewhat flattered that you should know my name!"

"The name of every person suspected of assisting our neighboring countries or plotting against this government, is well known by the officials!" the captain replied, his eyes gleaming wickedly.

"A direct accusation!" smiled Burton in my direction. I was beginning to feel warm and uncomfortable.

"You will hand over the documents to me, Herr Burton!" the army officer commanded.

Phil extended his opened hands. "But I haven't got any documents," he said innocently.

The captain sneered: "You are making things most difficult for yourself, I assure you. In the name of the government I place you both under arrest! You will pack your belongings and come with me!"

He clicked his heels and swinging around, disappeared through the doorway.

# ESCAPE

**T**HE soldiers stood stiffly at attention and Phil Burton and I picked up our packed suitcases and marched between them down the passageway of the train to the entrance. On the far side of the small platform I saw the haughty captain of this little group of soldiers, waiting for us by the opened door of a dark sedan.

The train moved slowly off into the night and in the flickering light from the oil lamps I caught the puzzled and slightly worried looking faces of two conductors peering at us from the rear platform of the last car.

"Herr Captain wishes us to ride with him, I believe," said Phil, nodding toward the waiting auto.

We walked across the boards to the stern and pompous captain. "Come, we are wasting time!" he snapped and motioned us to enter the sedan.

We sat in the back with the officer and two of the soldiers, with drawn and wicked looking automatics, squatted directly in front of us on small chairs.

"Where is this charming excursion bound for?" asked Phil, lighting a cigarette.

The lines on the captain's face grew hard. "I must remind you, Herr Burton, that you are under arrest! Must you be told more?"

The powerful sedan raced through the night and in the brightness of the headlights I determined that we were making our way into the country, for both sides of the road were flanked with the dark forms of rustling trees.



## BIG SHOT COMICS

We continued along in silence for perhaps an hour or more and then the car slowed to a stop by a gate-keeper's house. Several uniformed men came out of the building and looked the car over. Then one of them hurried over to the huge iron gate and drew it open. The driver of our machine swung the car beneath the archway and with a crunching sound of the tires, we rolled up a long, winding gravel road to a magnificent building half hidden by stately pines. At one time it had evidently been used as a hunting lodge.

The sedan came to a halt and the captain got out. "Follow me!" he ordered. He lead the way up the steps and into the house, Burton and I marching behind him and back of us came our silent armed escorts.

The huge main room within was brightly lighted and comfortably furnished; trophies and decorations covered the walls and a large, log fire crackled merrily in an open fireplace, for the night air was raw and chilly. The room was empty save for a group of three officers who lounged near the fireplace, smoking and chatting.

Our grim-faced captain marched across the floor and opened a door to a hallway that went straight to the rear of the building. Down the corridor we followed our stern guide and halted before a heavy oaken door. The captain knocked and a gruff voice within bade us enter.

**S**WINGING the door back, we stepped into the room and stood before the General. The captain spoke to his superior officer rapidly in his native tongue and the General, his head bowed on his expansive chest, nodded and listened intently. Then he waved his hand, a dismissive gesture, and the captain turned and left us, closing the door behind him.

"Sit down, Herr Burton," the General said, motioning to a chair. "You know, of course, the reason for your being brought here and I must say that the whole business places me in a very embarrassing position. I realize that your reputation as a foreign correspondent is unexcelled; I, myself, have read your column time and again, though on many occasions the

tenor of your articles has been completely opposed to the policies of this country."

Burton smiled. "Many thanks for the kind remarks, General. I can fully appreciate the quandary you find yourself in. You suspect, or you have been informed, that I am carrying certain valuable documents to an unfriendly nation across the frontier. The thing that puzzles you right now is just what course you should adopt: Whether you make an out-and-out search of either my friend or me and find the papers, if we should really have them at all, or fail to discover them and then suffer the biting criticism of the press throughout the world. Such press reports would be most harmful to the good-will policy you're endeavoring to establish with the other countries of the world. Are my deductions correct, General?"

"Amazingly so, Herr Burton!" the General replied. "Your reportorial experience stands you in good need but can you find a solution to my delicate—er—problem?"

"I believe I can . . . and very gracefully, too!" said my friend. "Many times in my column I've mentioned the fact that you're a skillful and daring gambler of professional quality. Why not let the cards settle this annoying problem?"

"Cards?" the General repeated thoughtfully. And then he slapped the table-top. "Why not? What will the terms be?"

"Simply this," said Burton, and I wondered just what he had up his sleeve, "we will deal two hands, poker fashion, and should I lose I promise to tell you all I know of these papers, even submit to a search without printing a word of it in my column; however, should I happen to win then I demand that we be allowed to continue our journey immediately without further detainment. Do these terms sound reasonable?"

"An excellent suggestion, Herr Burton!" the General cried. "Let us start at once!"

He opened a drawer of his desk and produced a pack of cards. The shuffle was swiftly and expertly accomplished; Burton cut the pack and the General dealt five cards for both Burton and himself.

The General held his cards close to his body and his face wrinkled in a massive smile as his small, blue eyes examined them.

"I am the host and therefore I will show my cards first," he said and threw the glistening cardboards face upward on the desk. Of the five cards showing, three were Kings!

"You'll need three Aces or four of a kind to defeat me, Herr Burton!" the General laughed.

"Yes . . . three Aces!" Burton said slowly and he gazed straight across the desk into the General's eyes. The General stopped laughing and his eyes, widening in wonder, seemed to be suddenly clouded by a film.

"I'm afraid you lose, General," Phil whispered and his voice had an intent and almost piercing quality. "You see, I *have* three Aces!"

He placed his cards on the desk and when I saw them I held my breath . . . for all he had was an assortment of cards, not even a pair!

The General looked at the cards for a moment. "You are right, Herr Burton, I lose and you are free to depart unmolested."

The General pressed a buzzer and gave orders to the captain who had been waiting outside. We were escorted back to the car and once again we traveled back over the dark, forest road to the small railroad station. Three hours later as the light of the new day broke over the eastern horizon, we raced across the border and into the country of our original destination.

In the train compartment I spoke to Phil in amazement. "But how did you manage it, old man? Unless my eyes are going back on me, you had absolutely nothing in your hand of cards to beat the General; but still he admitted defeat and allowed us to leave!"

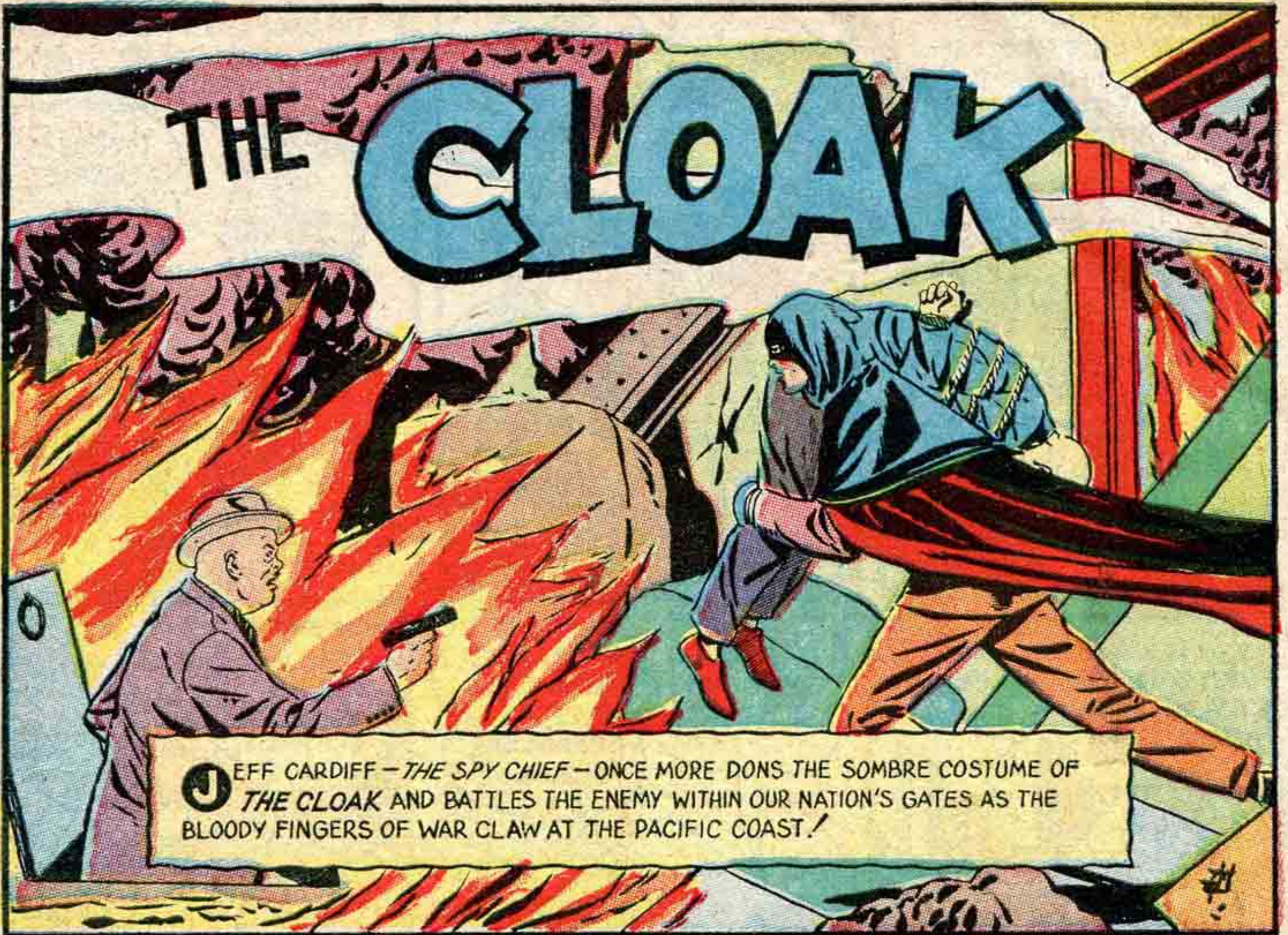
Phil smiled. "There's nothing wrong with your eye sight . . . I didn't have anything to beat the old boy but still he *thought* I did! You see, I simply hypnotized him!"

Needless to state we accomplished our mission and reached the Embassy the following morning.

THE END



# THE CLOAK



**J**EFF CARDIFF — *THE SPY CHIEF* — ONCE MORE DONS THE SOMBRE COSTUME OF *THE CLOAK* AND BATTLES THE ENEMY WITHIN OUR NATION'S GATES AS THE BLOODY FINGERS OF WAR CLAW AT THE PACIFIC COAST!



THAT'S ALL THAT'S LEFT OF THE HONG KONG RESTAURANT, JEFF!



TWO JAPS AND A NAZI NAMED VON SHTUNKER DID IT. I TOOK CARE OF THE JAPS, BUT VON SHTUNKER GOT AWAY!

HEY! LOOK!



PARDON! YOU ARE G-MAN CARDIFF, YES? AND YOU WONDER WHY WUN BUM, CHINESE OWNER OF THIS ONCE-WAS RESTAURANT, HARBORED DIRTY JAPS, YES?



YES, I'M CARDIFF — AND I WAS WONDERING ABOUT THE LATE WUN BUM!

GOOD! I — WILLIE FU, SPECIAL DETECTIVE — SHALL MAKE ALL CLEAR!



# BIG SHOT COMICS





# BIG SHOT COMICS





# BIG SHOT COMICS



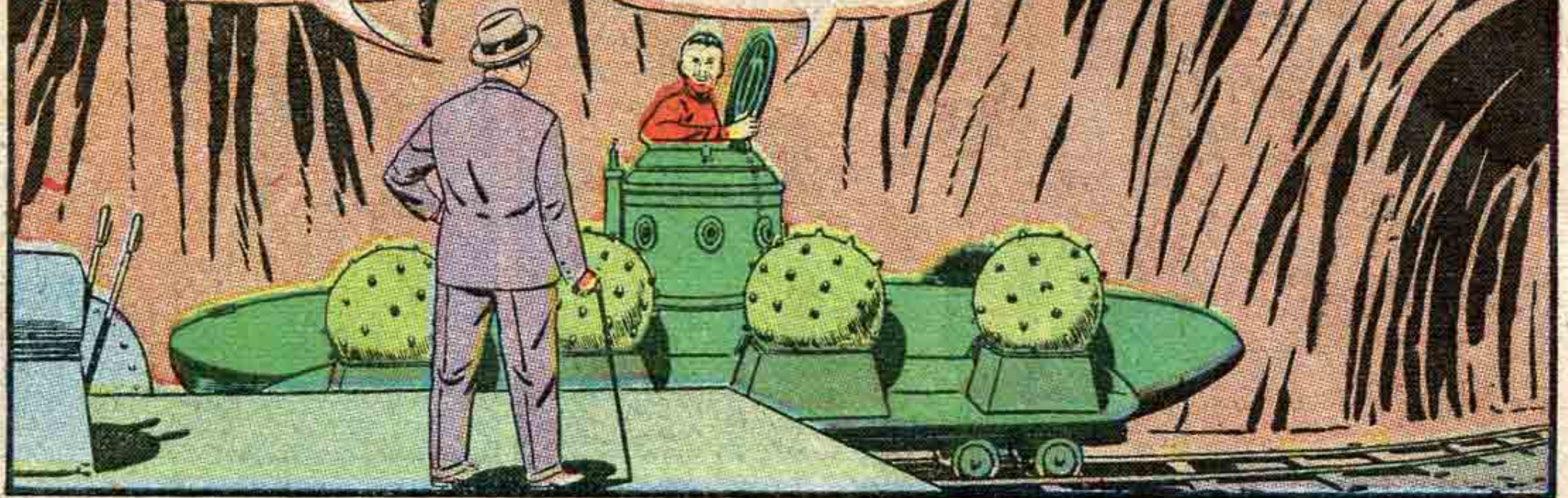


# BIG SHOT COMICS

**A** MOMENT LATER, BELOW THE WAREHOUSE FLOOR . . . .

DER CLOAK IS OUDT COLD.  
I TAKE CARE OF HIM LADER.  
GO TO VORK NOW, YAMAPOLA!

IN THIS ONE MAN SUB  
I SHALL SOW ENOUGH  
MINES AROUND THE BAY  
TO WRECK A FLEET!



YAH! UND VEN BOADS  
STARDT BLOWING UP, DER  
STUBID AMERICANS VILL  
GO SEARCHING ALL OFER  
DER BACIFIC LOOKING  
FOR U-BOADS . . . .



— DEY VILL NEFER IMAGINE  
DOT DER MINE-LAYER  
OBERATES FROM DIS VARE-  
HOUSE, INSIDE DER BAY!



**M**EANWHILE, IN THE ROOM ABOVE:

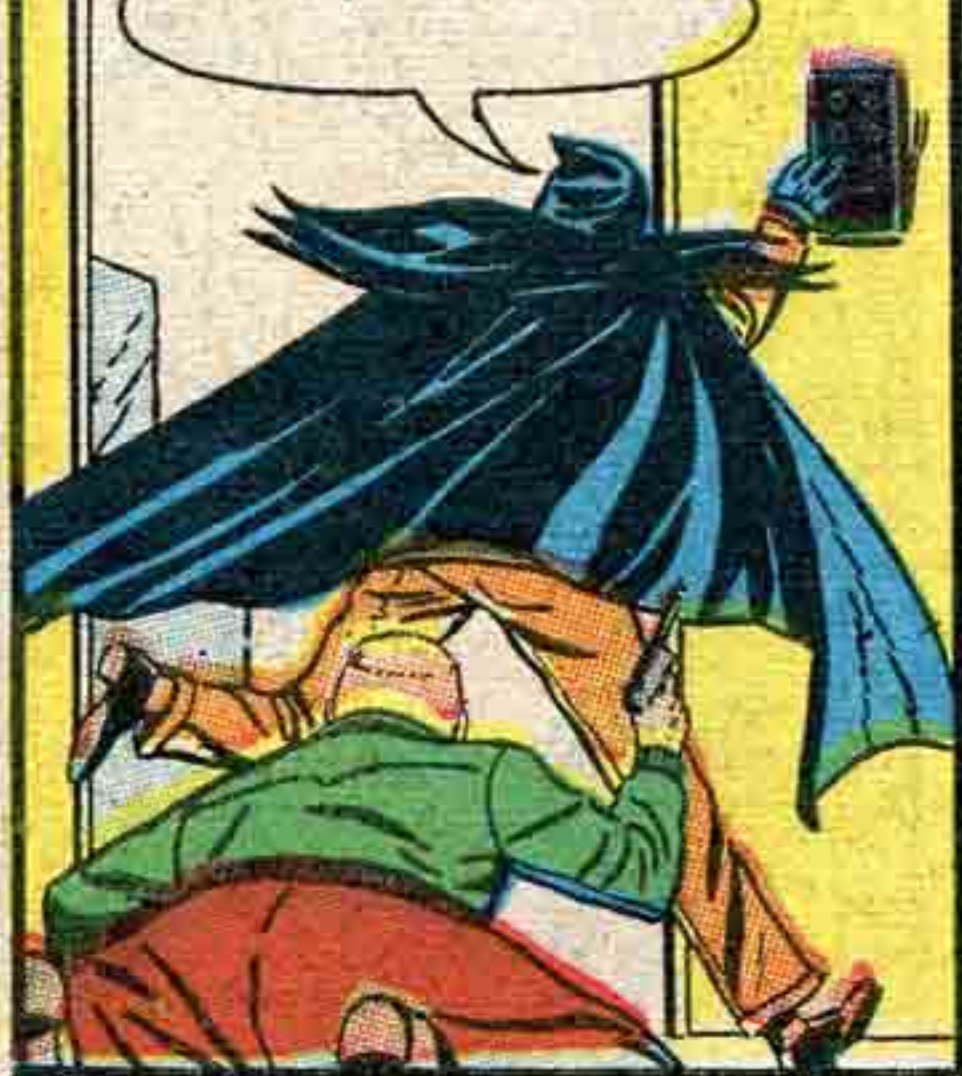
I ROLLED MY HEAD  
WITH THE BLOW,  
ADOLPHUS! NEXT TIME  
YOU'LL HIT HARDER!

HEY!



RAY  
MARTIN

I DON'T KNOW WHAT VON  
STUNKER IS UP TO, BUT  
HE'LL NEED ELECTRIC POWER  
FOR IT, I'LL BET!



**J**EFF THROWS THE SWITCH  
AND THE WAREHOUSE IS  
PLUNGED INTO DARKNESS . . . .

YOU CAN'T HIT  
WHAT YOU CAN'T  
SEE, ADOLPHUS!

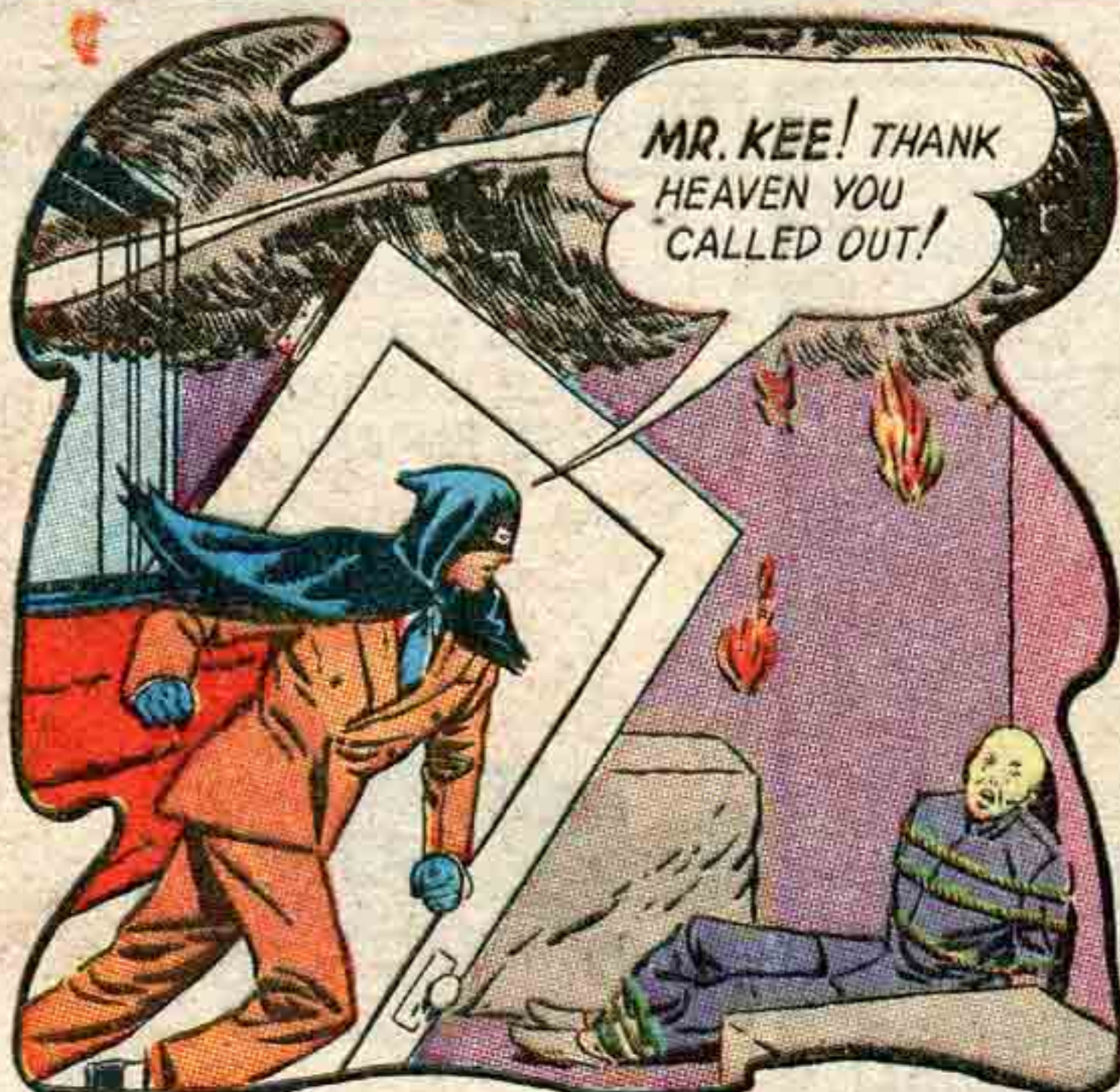


**A**ND THEN, IN THE NEXT INSTANT,  
A TREMENDOUS EXPLOSION  
ROCKS THE WAREHOUSE!





# BIG SHOT COMICS





# Charlie CHAN

by Alfred Andriola

MILLIONAIRE GOODMAN HAS RETAINED CHARLIE CHAN TO CAPTURE THE "HAWK" WHO IS TRYING TO BLACKMAIL THE WEALTHY MANUFACTURER.

WE'LL DO EVERYTHING TO PREVENT THE HAWK FROM LEARNING YOU'RE WORKING ON THE CASE, CHARLIE!

SHURE, AND I'M GLAD TO GET THE HELP OF A GREAT DETECTIVE, MR. CHAN!

CHIEF MECOY, THE HAWK MUSTN'T LEARN THAT CHARLIE CHAN IS WORKING ON THE CASE!

WISH TO REMAIN IN SHADOW OF HONORABLE CHIEF OF POLICE!

THE HAWK CAN'T KNOW! THIS OFFICE IS SOUND PROOF! ONLY YOU AND I KNOW CHAN IS HERE!

AT CENTROPOLIS POLICE QUARTERS...

WISH TO REMAIN IN SHADOW OF HONORABLE CHIEF OF POLICE!

THE HAWK CAN'T KNOW! THIS OFFICE IS SOUND PROOF! ONLY YOU AND I KNOW CHAN IS HERE!

NICE LI'L DICTOGRAPH TELLS PAPA ALL MECOY'S SECRETS --- WH - WHAT'S THIS?

MEANWHILE, IN THE NEXT ROOM...

HOLY MACKEREL! GOODMAN HAS RETAINED CHARLIE CHAN TO CATCH THE HAWK!

WOW! WAIT UNTIL I TELL THE HAWK, GOODMAN HAS CHARLIE CHAN WORKING ON THE CASE WITH MECOY!

MEANWHILE IN THE NEXT ROOM...

AM PUZZLED, CHIEF MECOY, HOW THE HAWK LEARNED MR. GOODMAN HAD CALLED YOU FOR HELP...



# BIG SHOT COMICS





# BIG SHOT COMICS





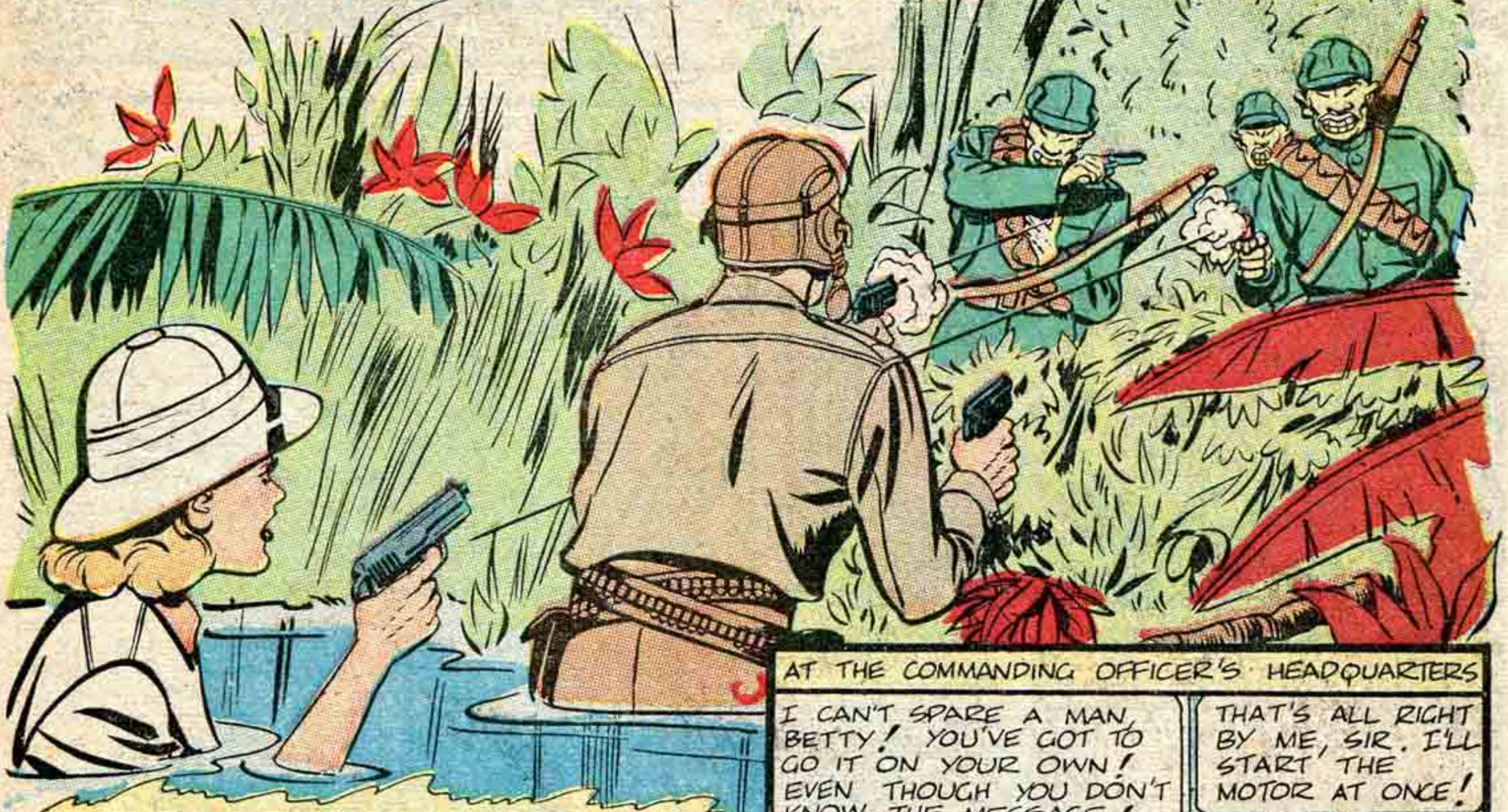
# BIG SHOT COMICS



BUT AS HE BOARDS THE TRAIN,  
STEVE DROPS THE HAWK'S NOTE



# ROCKY RYAN



DEEP IN THE HEART OF ASIA, BEHIND THE BATTLEFIELDS, LIES A SECRET SERVICE ENCAMPMENT, WHERE INFORMATION IS GARNERED FROM JUNGLE RUNNERS AND SENT BY RADIO TO ALLIED HEADQUARTERS...

BUT ONE MESSAGE IS SO VITAL IT CANNOT BE SENT OVER THE AIR WAVES. IT HAD TO BE SENT IN PERSON...

AT THE COMMANDING OFFICER'S HEADQUARTERS

I CAN'T SPARE A MAN, BETTY! YOU'VE GOT TO GO IT ON YOUR OWN! EVEN THOUGH YOU DON'T KNOW THE MESSAGE!

THAT'S ALL RIGHT BY ME, SIR. I'LL START THE MOTOR AT ONCE!



FIVE HUNDRED MILES OF ENEMY TERRITORY TO TRAVEL. I HOPE SHE MAKES IT! SHE'S GOT TO!



DAYS. LATER, IN THE BRITISH LINES IN INDIA.. ROCKY RYAN IS SUMMONED TO STAFF HEADQUARTERS...

THE GIRL DOESN'T KNOW THE MESSAGE SHE'S CARRYING, BUT WE'VE GOT TO GET HER HERE!

IF SHE DOESN'T KNOW IT, HOW CAN SHE TELL YOU...OH, THE MESSAGE IS IN WRITING!





# BIG SHOT COMICS

NO IT ISN'T IN WRITING! IT'S SOMETHING NEW IN SPY MESSAGES! SHE DOESN'T KNOW WHAT THE MESSAGE IS, YET SHE WILL BE ABLE TO TELL US WHEN SHE ARRIVES!

HMM. SOUNDS IMPOSSIBLE.

THAT'S THE REASON SHE MUST BE BROUGHT HERE ALIVE AND SAFE! YOU KNOW THE JUNGLES. I'M COUNTING ON YOU TO FIND HER!

IF SHE'S ALIVE!

HIGH OVER THE LOTUS BLOSSOMS AND LIANA VINES OF BHUTAN, THE FLEET PURSUIT PLANE RACES ...

LIKE HUNTING THE NEEDLE IN THE STACK OF HAY!

HELLO! IF THAT ISN'T A WHITE WOMAN DOWN THERE NEAR THAT STREAM—!

THE SWIFT PLANE DIPS LOW AND ROARS ACROSS THE TOPS OF THE TREES ...

AN ALLIED WARPLANE! OH ... DOES HE SEE ME?

2

I'M IN A FINE SPOT. I CAN'T LAND IN THAT JUNGLE AND I'M NOT AT ALL SURE THAT SHE'S THE GIRL I'M LOOKING FOR!

I KNOW ONE WAY TO SIGNAL HIM!



# BIG SHOT COMICS

"USING HER BODY AS A HUMAN TELEGRAPH SIGNAL, BETTY FLOATS WITH HER BODY STRAIGHT OUT FOR A MORSE CODE, RASH..."



"SHE TWISTS HERSELF INTO AS COMPACT A BALL AS SHE CAN, TO SIGNAL A MORSE CODE, DOT!"



READING HER MESSAGE ROCKY TOSSES CAUTION ASIDE AND DROPS HIS PLANE INTO THE TOUGH BRANCHES OF A TREE...

THAT'S SHE, ALL RIGHT! I'VE GOT TO LAND - SOMEHOW!



FLYER, IT'S PLENTY GOOD TO SEE YOU! I WAS GIVING UP HOPE WHEN I SAW YOUR PLANE!

WE'VE GOT ROUGHLY FIVE HUNDRED MILES TO TRAVEL BEFORE WE'RE SAFE!



IN ORDER TO GET YOUR MESSAGE THROUGH, WE HAVE TO CAPTURE AN ENEMY PLANE! THEY HAVE ADVANCED OUTPOSTS NOT VERY FAR AWAY!

WHEW! THEY SURE SENT A PAREDEVIL TO RESCUE ME!



AFTER TWO DAYS OF WALKING THE ADVENTURERS WANDER ALONG A NARROW PASS, UNAWARE THAT SLANTED EYES SURVEY THEM...

WHITE MEN!  
KILL!



LOOK OUT! SOMEONE'S SNIPING AT US!

THAT WAS CLOSE!



THERE'S ONE CHANCE TO GET AT THAT BABY!

BUT YOU'RE AIMING THE ROPE AWAY FROM HIM!



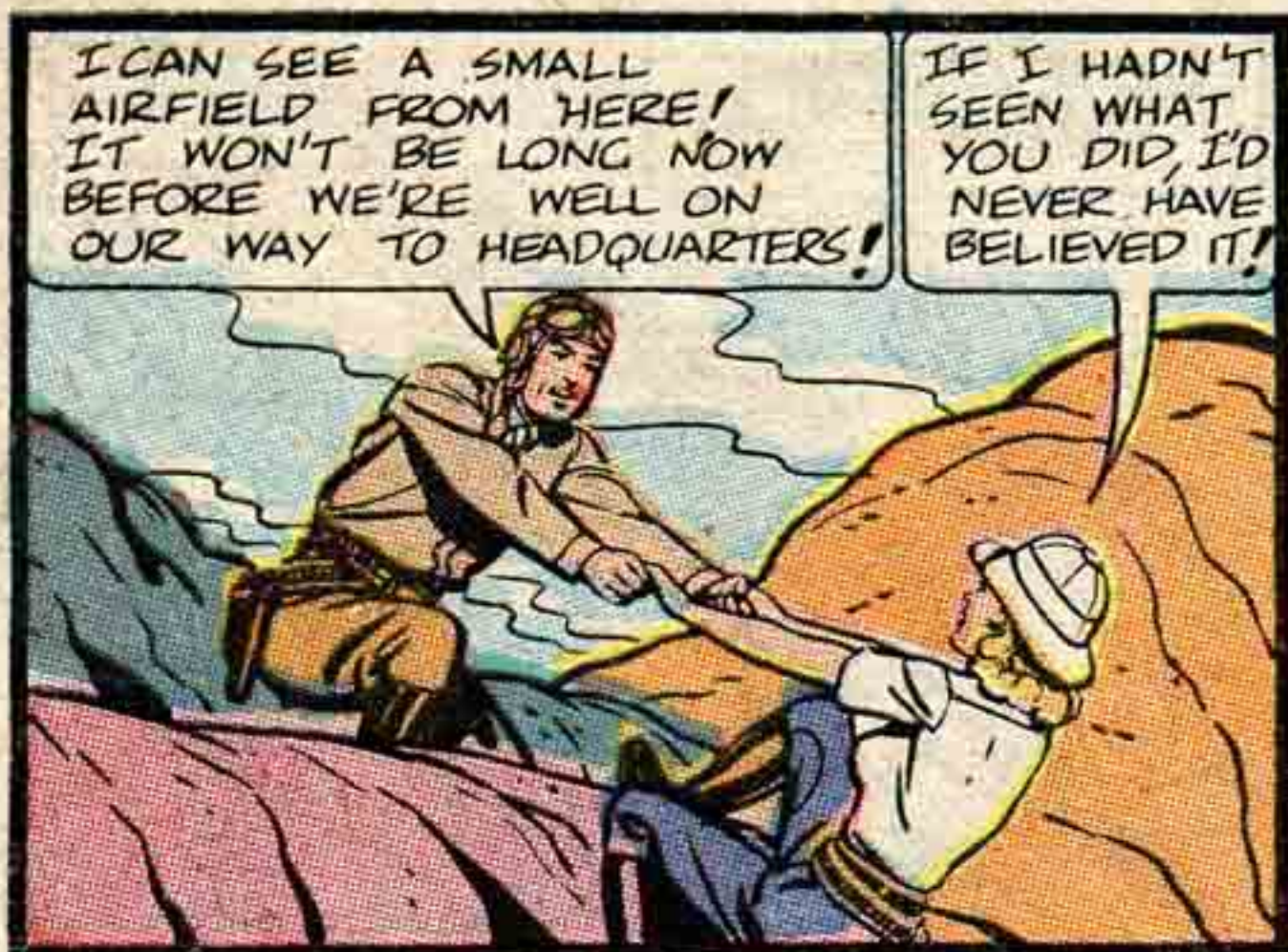
HIGH ABOVE A ROCKY GORGE HE SWINGS—!

IT'S THE ONLY WAY I CAN WORK THIS... BY GETTING ENOUGH LEVERAGE IN MY SWING TO GET AT HIM!





# BIG SHOT COMICS





# BIG SHOT COMICS

A GRIM, WET NEMESIS RISES FROM THE WATERS.  
TWO AUTOMATICS SPITTING RED DEATH — !

REMEMBER PEARL  
HARBOR, RATS ?



HERE'S A LITTLE TASTE  
OF THE OLD WHAMMEROO !



WET AND MAD, BETTY PROVES HERSELF A  
GOOD ALLY . . .

I CAN'T FIGHT, BUT  
I CAN SHOOT !



THERE WEREN'T SO MANY  
OF THEM AFTER ALL ! NOW  
LET'S GET ON TO THE  
AIRDROME !

BUT SUPPOSE  
THEY HEARD  
THE FIGHTING !

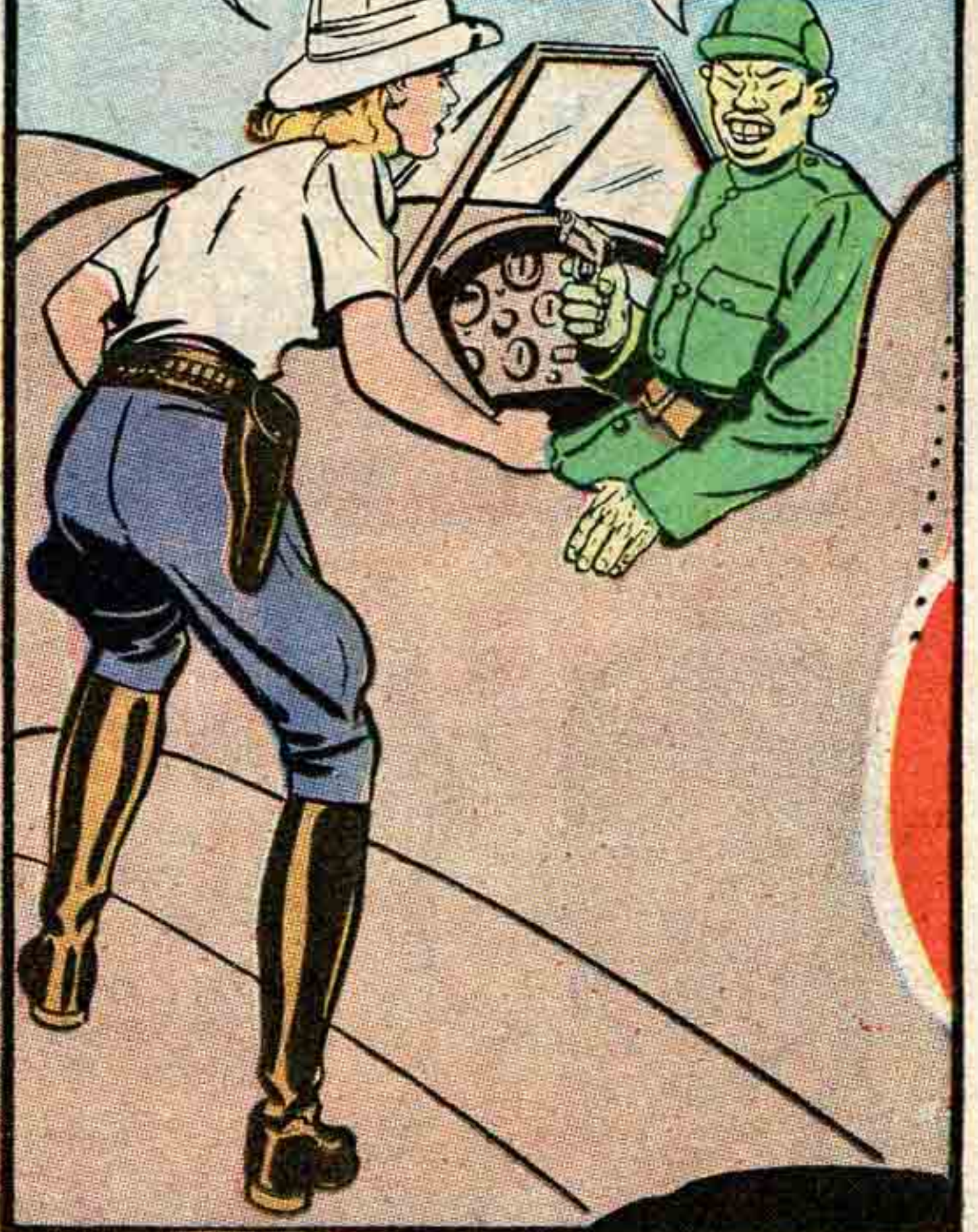


THEY PROBABLY DID ! WE'LL CIRCLE THROUGH  
THE JUNGLE AND COME ON THEM FROM  
THE OTHER END OF THE FIELD !



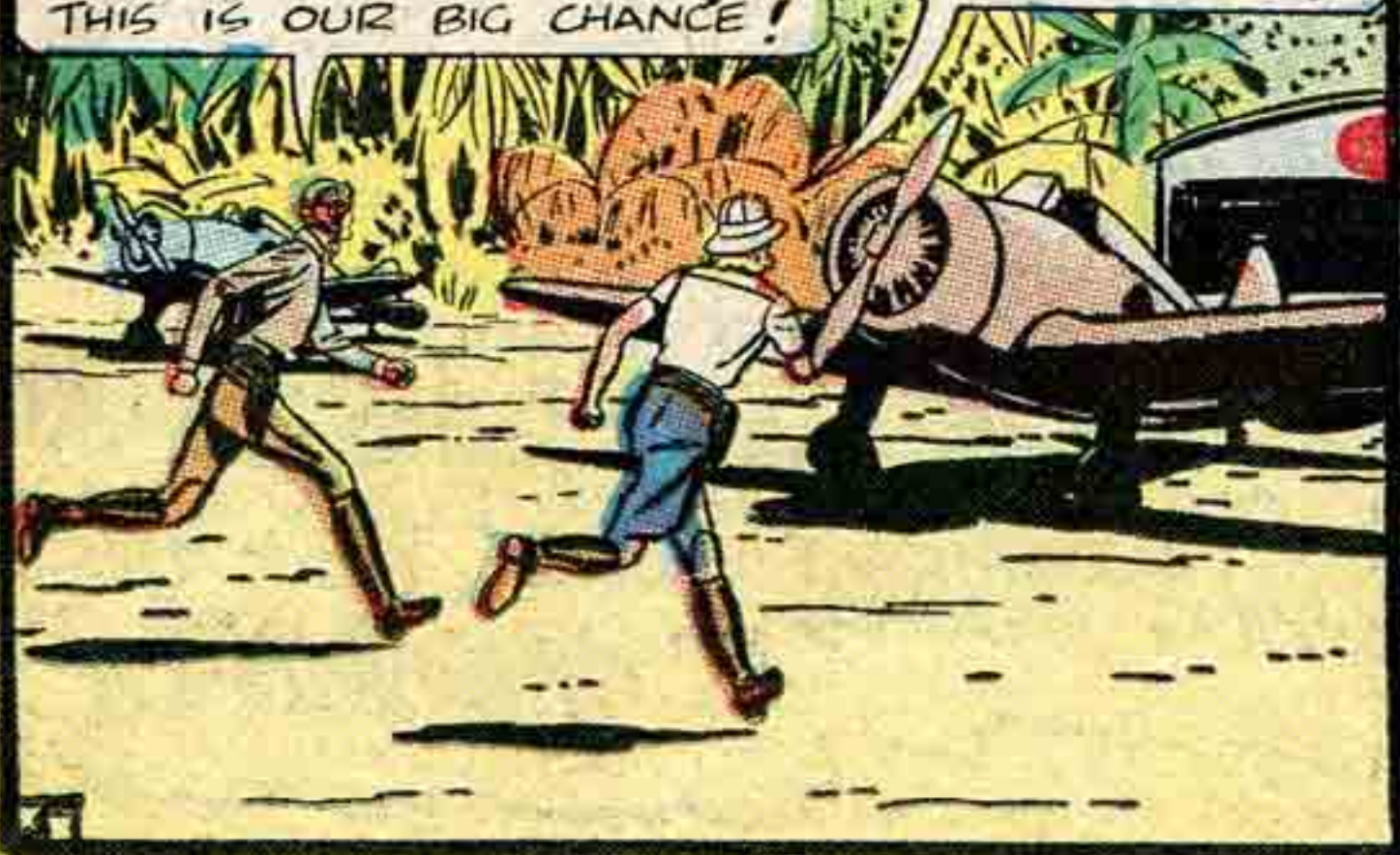
OH !

I HEARD YOU . . .  
SURRENDER, YOU  
ARE MY PRISONER !



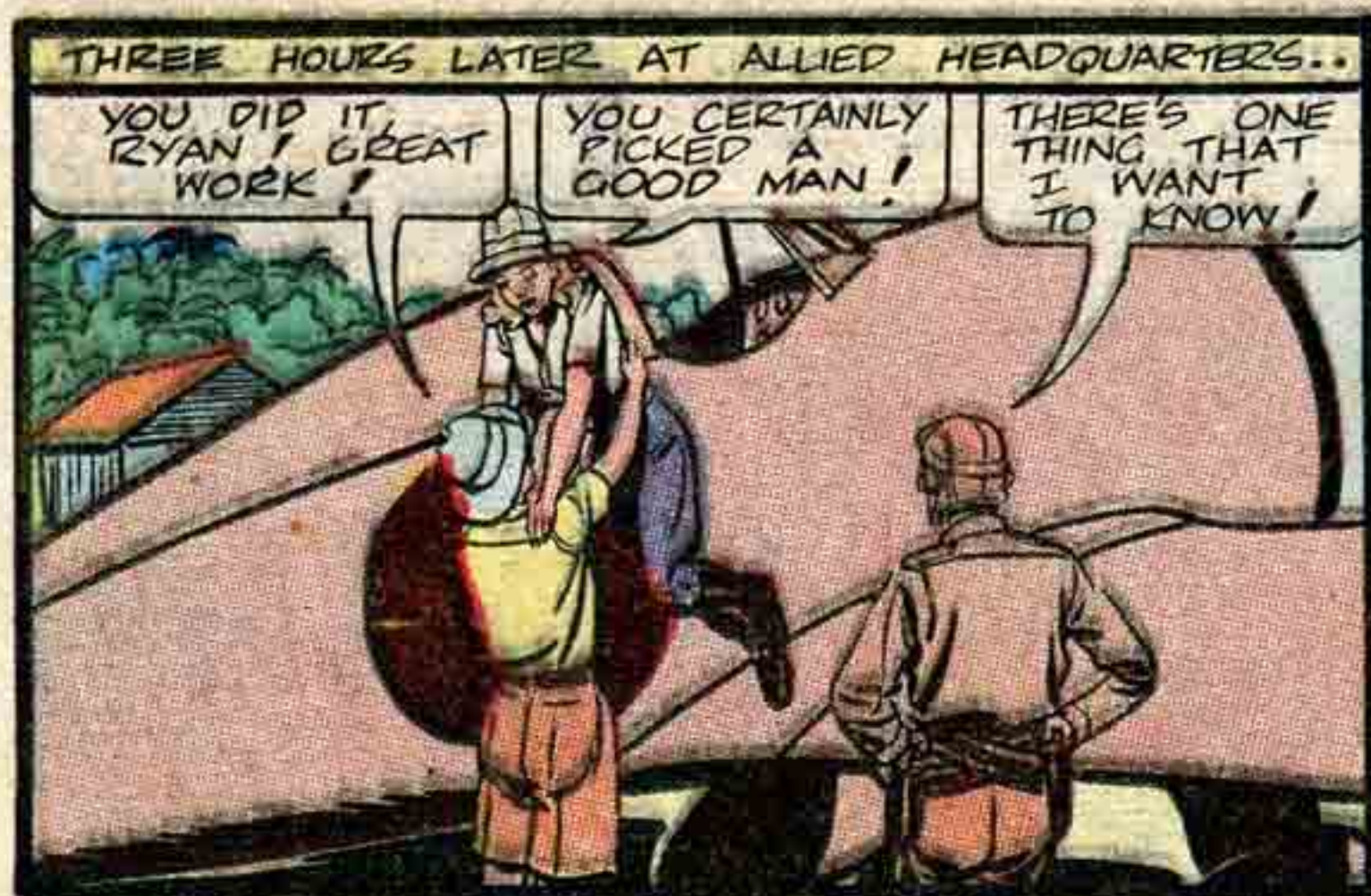
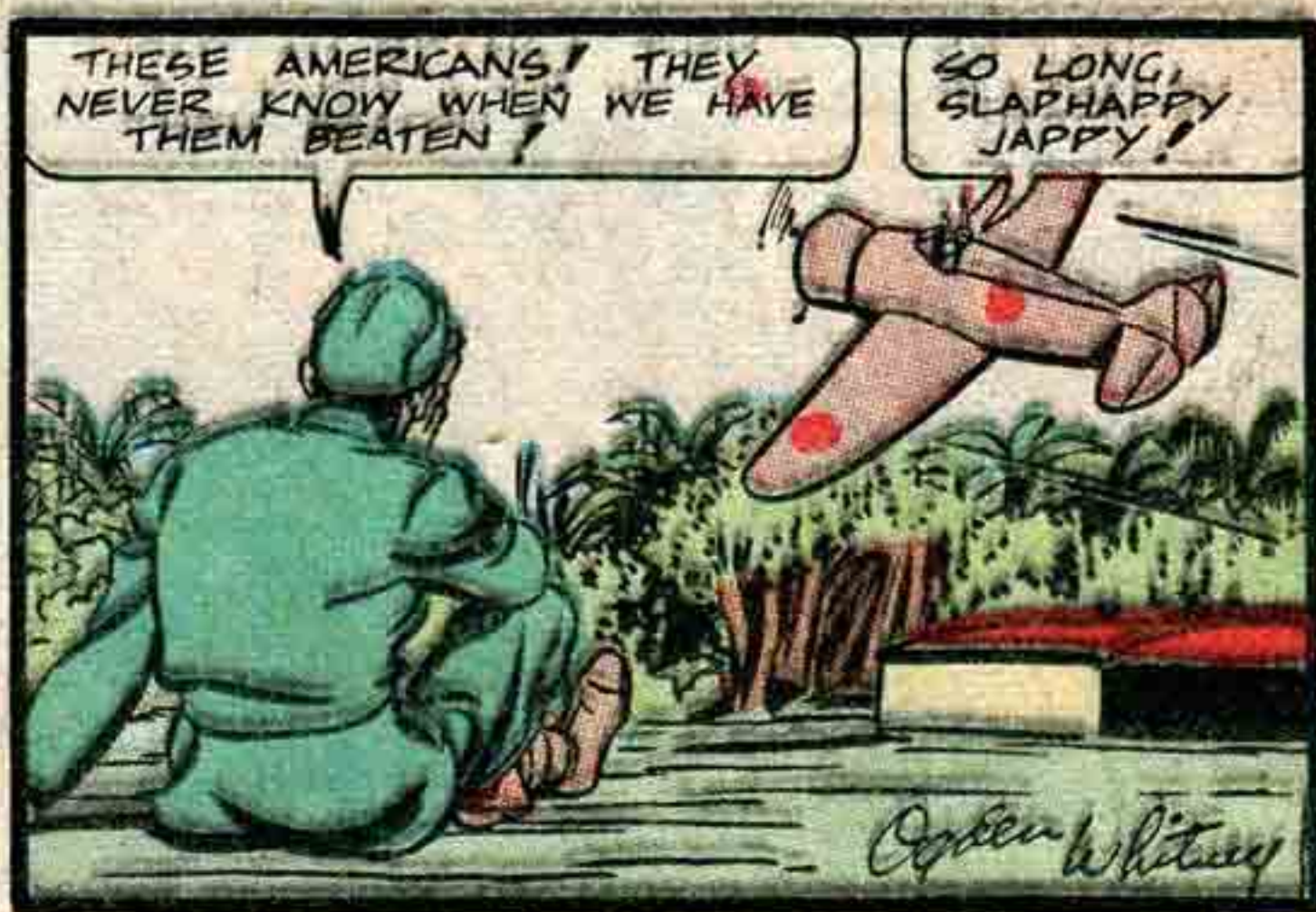
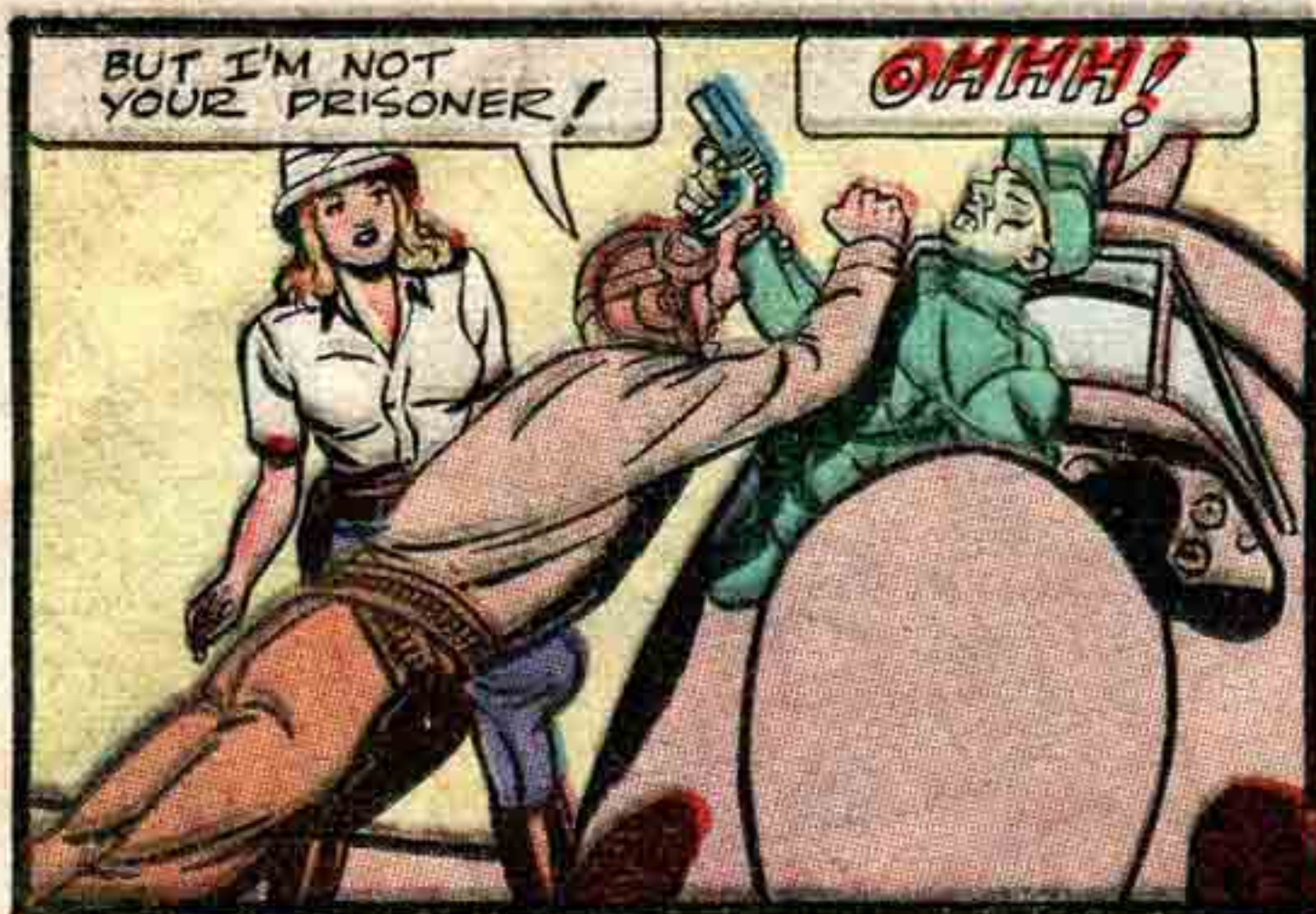
THEY'VE ALL GONE TO  
INVESTIGATE THE FIRING !  
THIS IS OUR BIG CHANCE !

I'LL HOP INTO  
THIS PLANE !





# BIG SHOT COMICS



NOBODY HAS TO HYPNOTISE GOOD AMERICANS INTO BUYING WAR BONDS AND STAMPS!

**BOYS AND GIRLS,**

SAVE YOUR PENNIES AND INVEST THEM IN THE BEST INVESTMENT IN THIS WAR-TORN WORLD—YOUR COUNTRY AND MINE — **THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA!**

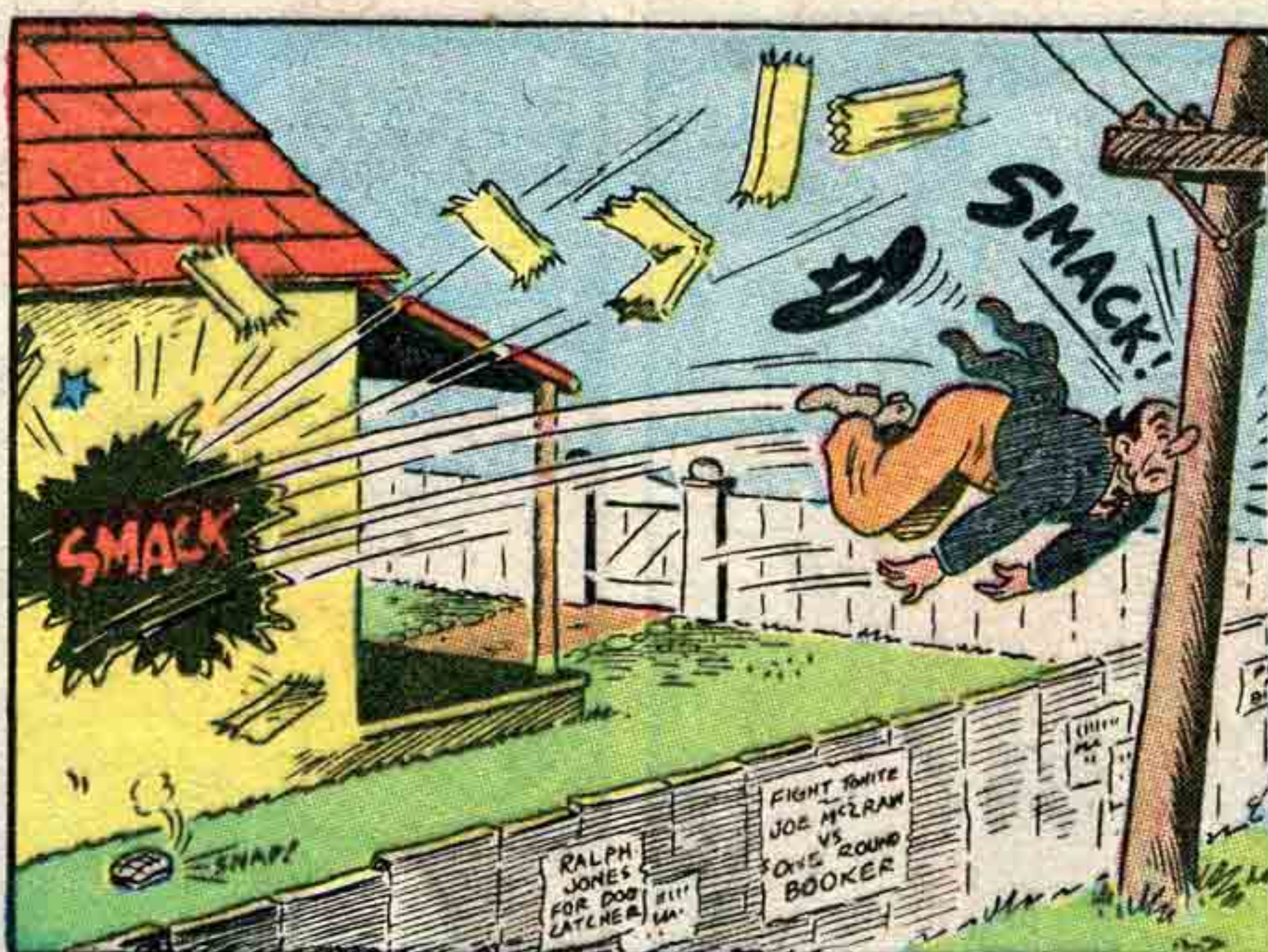
YOUR STAMPS AND BONDS HELP BUILD AIRPLANES AND WARSHIPS! HELP LICK THE ENEMY BY BUYING STAMPS — **TO-DAY!**



# SPARKY WATTS

by Boody ROGERS

SEN. FIDDLE  
STRING IS  
GIVING OUT  
CIGARS AND  
KISSING  
BABIES TO  
GAIN VOTES,  
HE DOESN'T  
KNOW THAT  
**HALFPINT**  
IS CHARGED  
WITH "COSMIC  
RAYS"



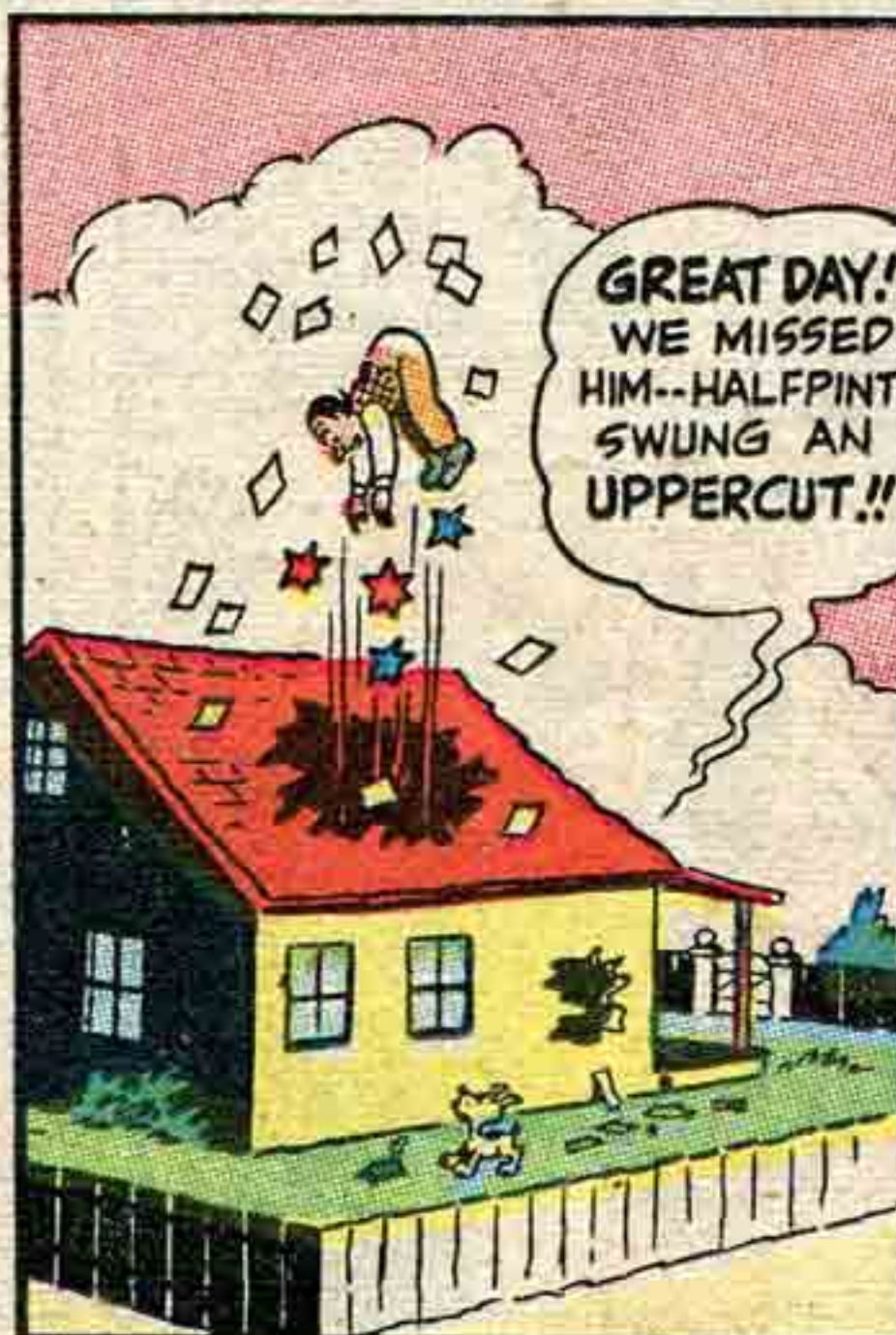


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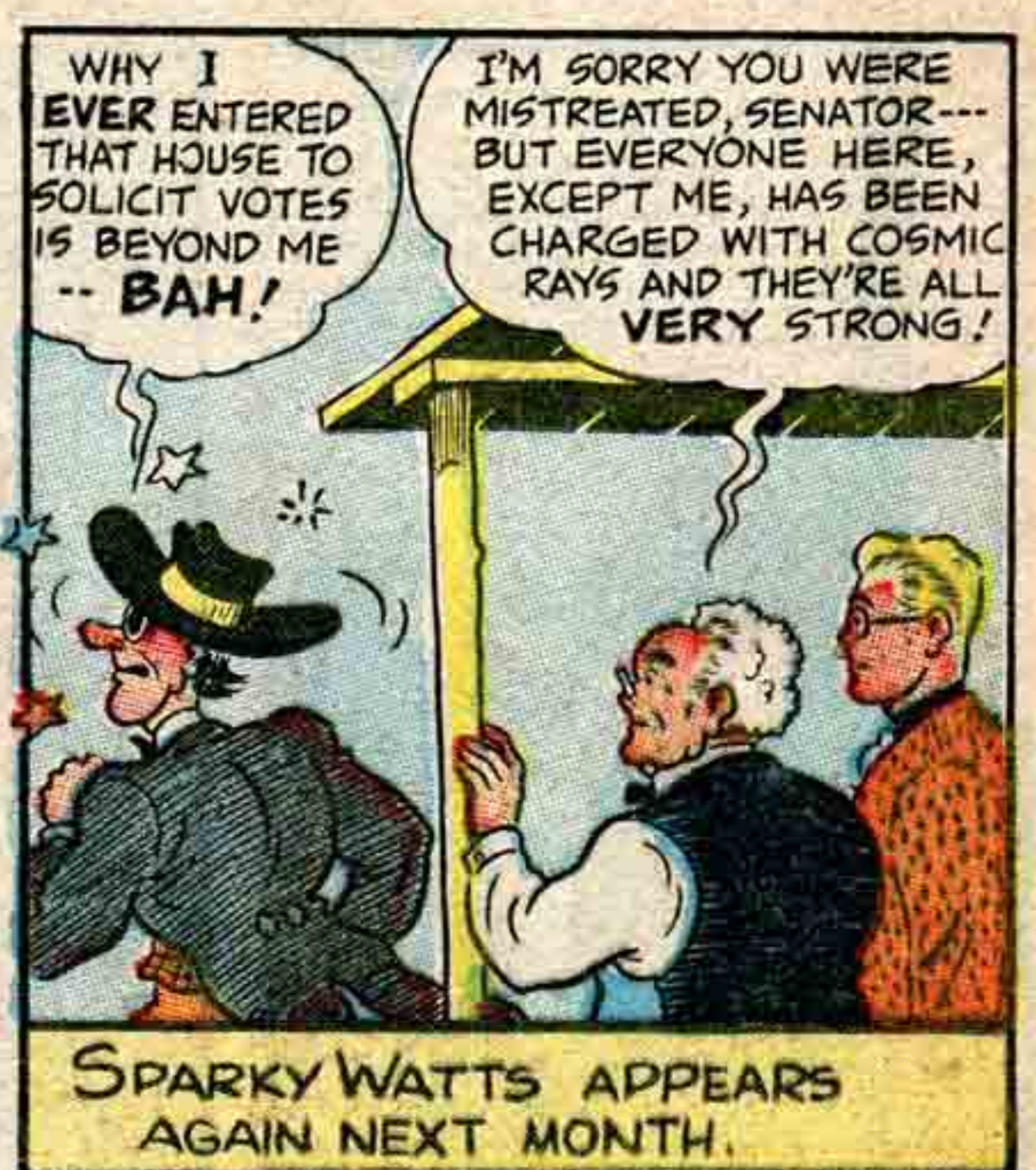


# BIG SHOT COMICS





# BIG SHOT COMICS





# The FACE

by MART BAILEY



WHEN TONY TRENT, THE POPULAR NEWS-CASTER OF WBSC, PULLS A RUBBEROID MASK OVER HIS OWN HANDSOME FEATURES, HE BECOMES THAT CREATURE OF THE NIGHT ... THAT TERROR OF WRONG-DOERS ... THAT GHOULISH FANGED HORROR ... *THE FACE*. ... NOW *THE FACE* STRIKES HARD IN JAPAN ....

NO WORD YET OUT OF JAPAN ABOUT TONY TRENT... LITTLE HOPE IS HELD FOR THE FAMOUS NEWS COMMENTATOR WHO LAST BROADCASTED FROM TOKYO THE MORNING OF THE TREACHEROUS ATTACK ON PEARL HARBOR...



THERE, THERE, MRS. TRENT! ... DON'T GIVE UP HOPE—

I WON'T, BABS. ... I KNOW THAT MY BOY IS ALIVE...

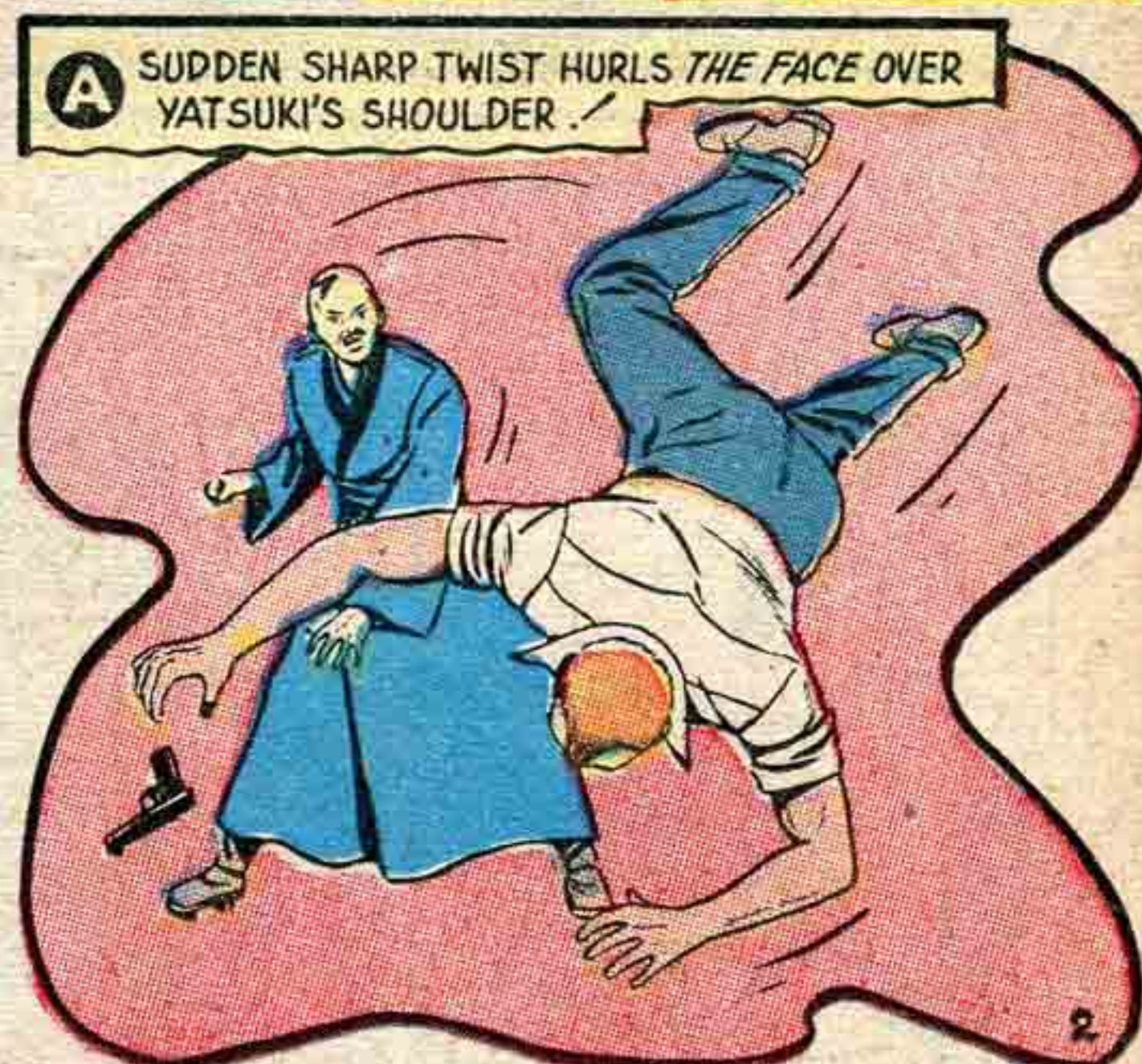


AND AT THAT MOMENT A 'GENTLEMAN' OF JAPAN IS ABOUT TO LEARN THAT MRS. TRENT'S LITTLE BOY, TONY, IS VERY MUCH ALIVE!





# BIG SHOT COMICS





# BIG SHOT COMICS



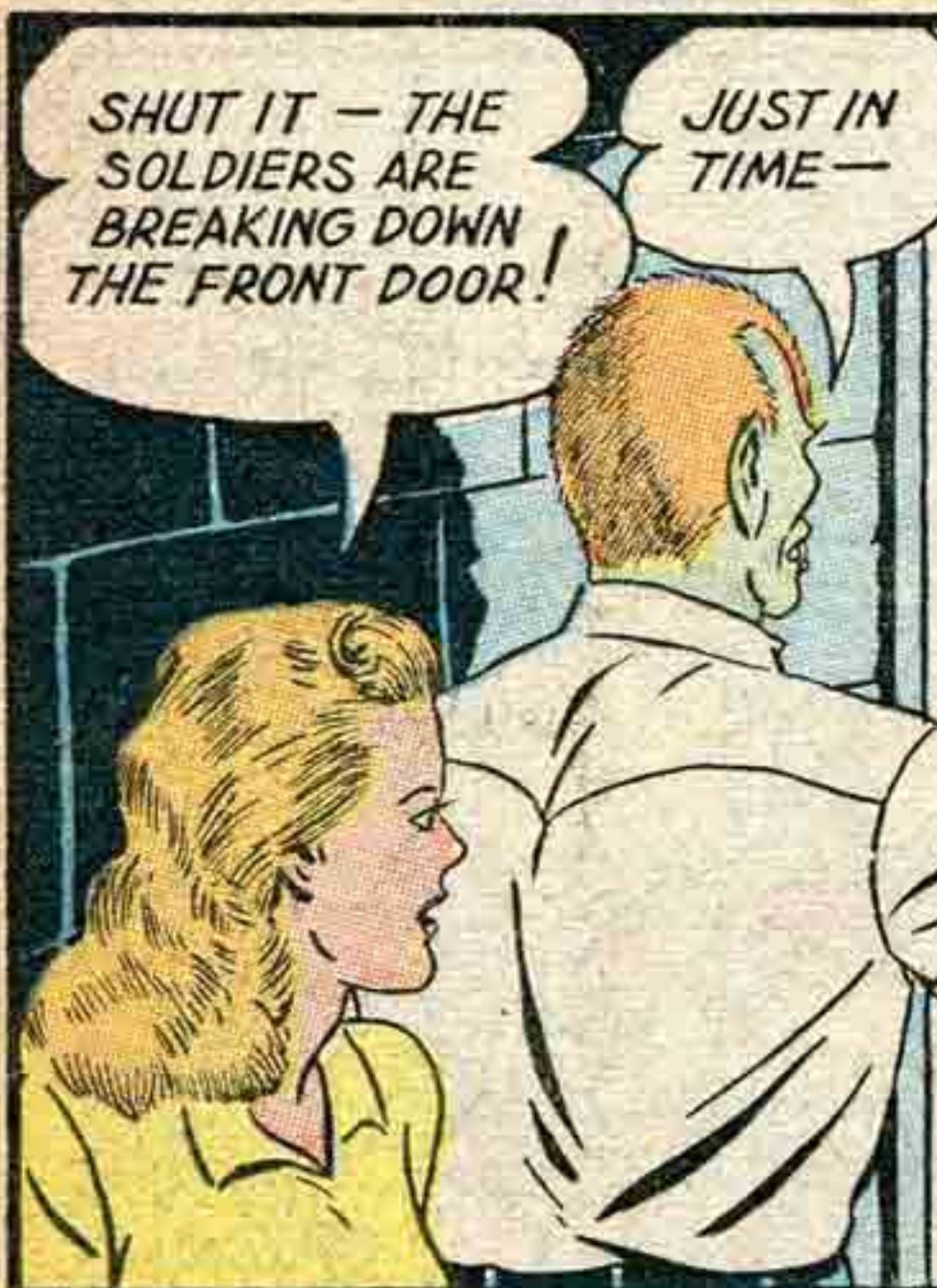


# BIG SHOT COMICS





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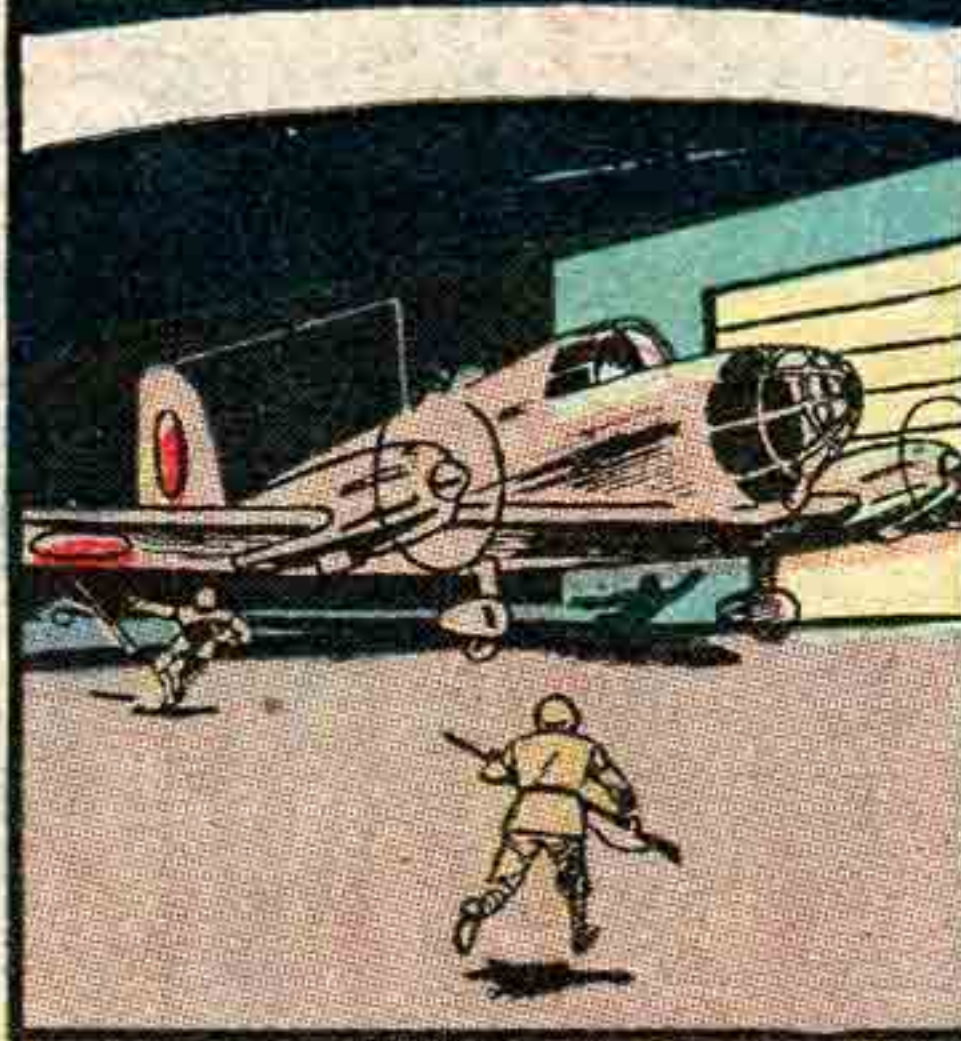


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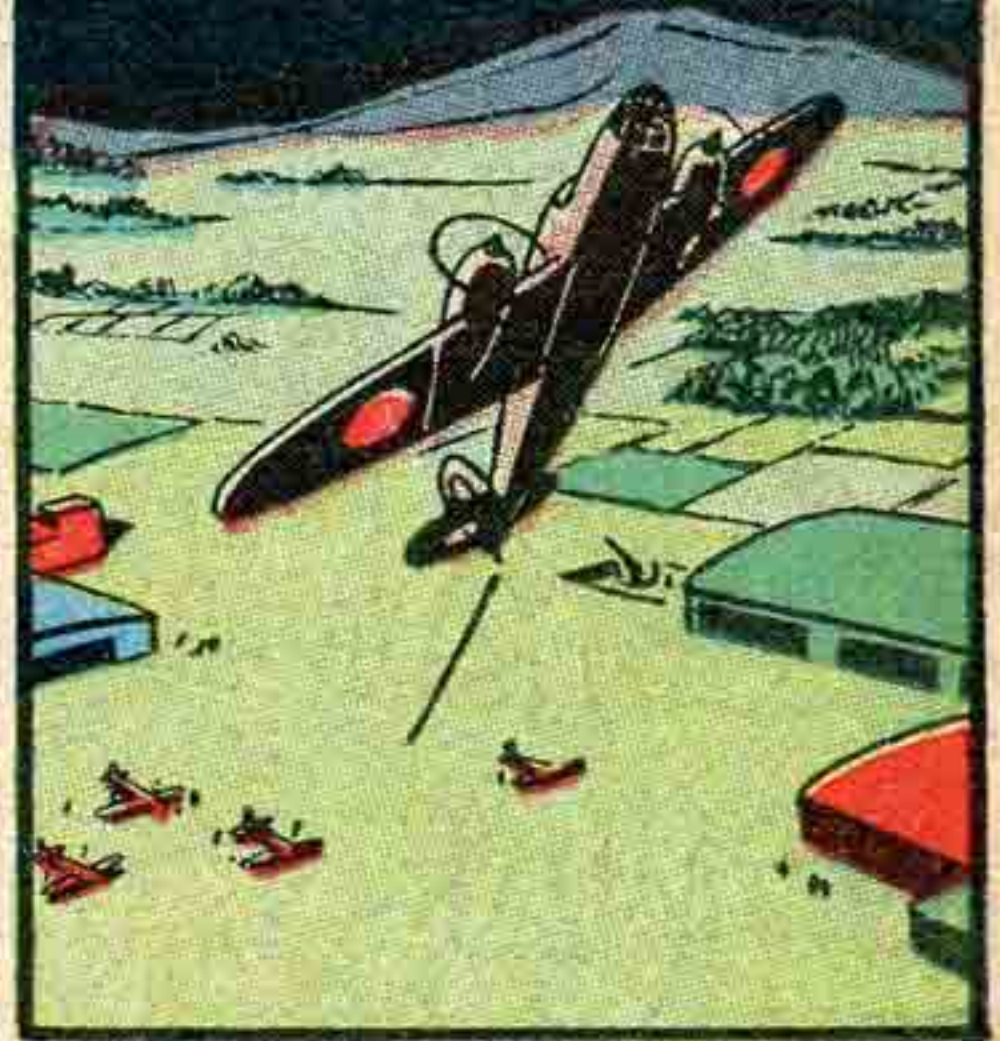
**C**UN CREWS... PURSUIT PILOTS...  
EMERGENCY SQUADS SPRINT  
FOR THEIR STATIONS...



**T**HE NEXT INSTANT, PILOTED BY  
*THE FACE*, THE JAP BOMBER  
ROARS OUT OF THE HANGAR...



... AND ZOOMS AWAY LIKE A COMET  
AMID THE CONFUSION...



YOU'RE CIRCLING  
BACK OVER  
THE FIELD!

ARE YOU CRAZY?  
THOSE GUNS  
AND PURSUIT  
PLANES —

NO USE BEING  
GREEDY! WE  
ARE TAKING  
THEIR BOMBER —



BUT WE CAN  
LET THEM KEEP  
THEIR BOMBS!



**L**EAVING A FLAMING WAKE OF  
DESTRUCTION AT THE TOKYO  
AIR BASE, THE BOMBER SOARS  
INTO THE PROTECTING NIGHT....



**T**HE NEXT MORNING, TONY TRENT  
BROADCASTS FROM CHINA...

JACK CARNELL AND HIS WIFE  
ARRIVED HERE TODAY, AFTER AN  
AMAZING ESCAPE FROM A  
JAPANESE MILITARY PRISON.  
THEY CREDIT THE ENTIRE EXPLOIT  
TO *THE FACE*—WHO DISAPPEARED  
AFTER THEIR PLANE LANDED....



**B**ACK HOME —

ISN'T THAT JUST  
LIKE TONY? —  
MAKING HEADLINE  
NEWS OF OTHERS,  
BUT NEGLECTING  
TO TELL WHERE  
HE'S BEEN ALL  
THIS WHILE!

I'M SURE TONY WAS  
MIXED UP IN THAT  
*FACE* BUSINESS.  
...AND I ALMOST  
FEEL SORRY FOR  
THOSE JAPS!

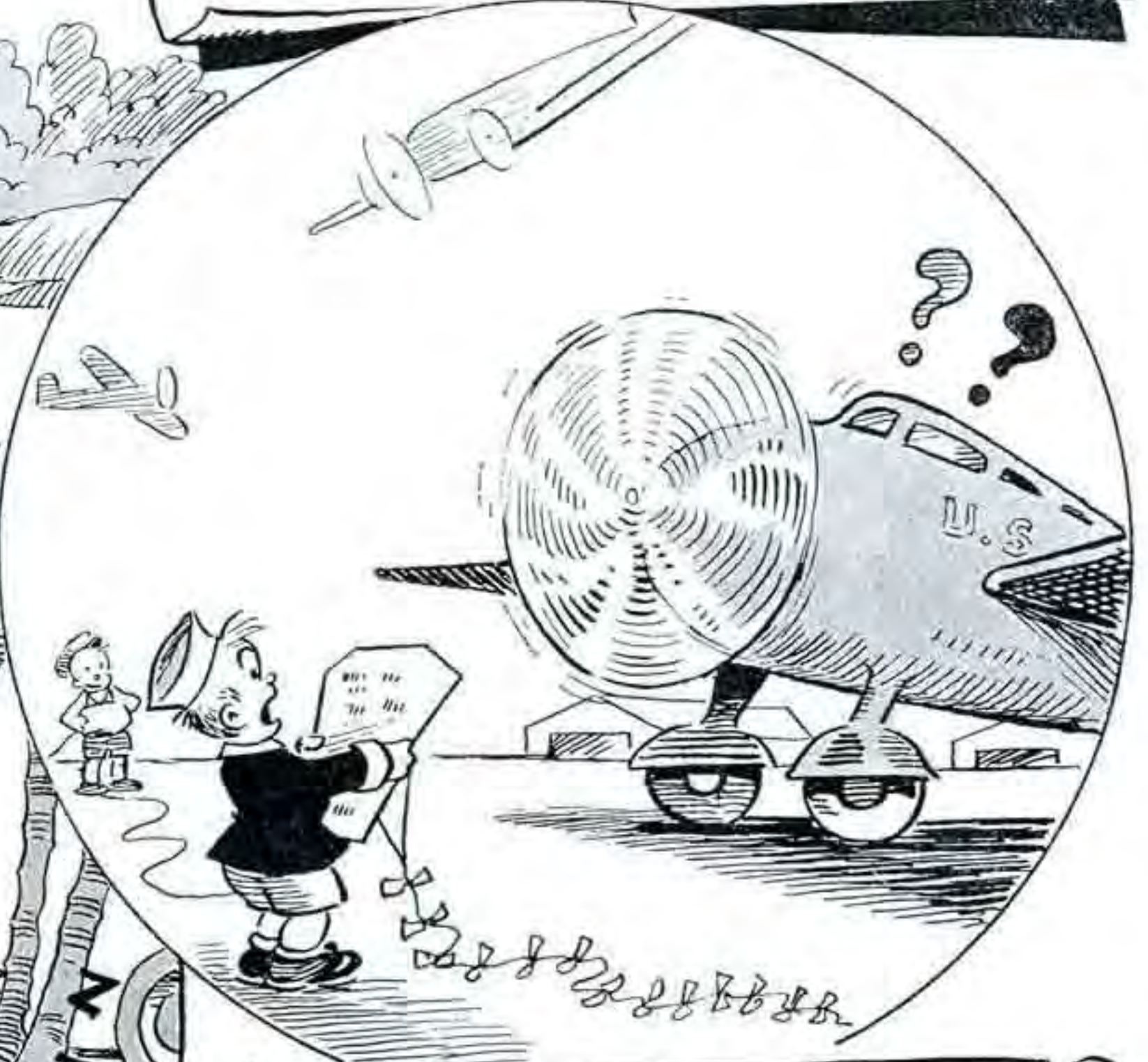


— The End —



# KID KOMICS

RAY Mc GILL





# FREE

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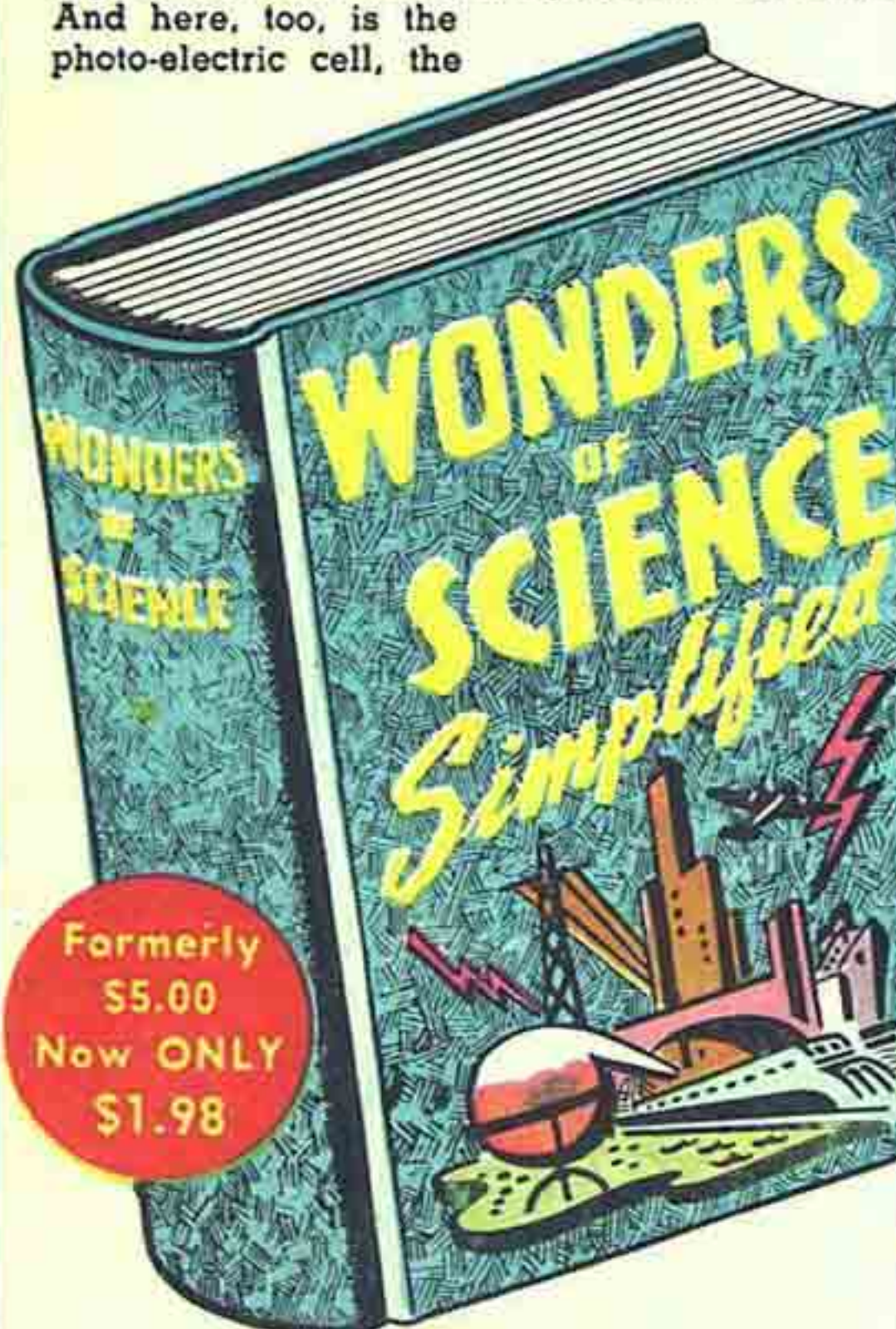
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